Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 31

Haven

Part: 42

(Second term of the 8th-grade year)

I stroll around the sugar maple tree outside the school, it a chilly day… and flurrying out, ice is dripping on all things around, 8° out.

One hand drifting lazily over the thick bumps of black and blue I have under my dress, I was still, oozing, and padded, and was wearing a splint on my nose, yet I was becoming me, I was not the first girl in my new class to have a nose job, a breeze nips my legs.

There were just shaved before school, bare they are like above the new hole made for love, between the hem of her corduroy skirt and I have ballet flats.

It is practical tights weather, but I was not fighting them on, like the other girl I went without, they said I need them I said- no, I am a girl too, but Abby, a new girl that I just oh my god love, will avoid wearing them for as long as she can, without undies too and, stand there in the chill, shivering like she is having a hard orgasm.

Or until the last of her summer tan fades away, form the girls that are skanky. Whichever comes first, I felt odd with them all looking at me, them saying that is the one, I was telling you about, and I know all the text buzz standing to go in before the bell- read, the questions of what all that I have or have underneath. She has bigger boobs than me- what, it was a whisper, I could hear the mindless chatter.

The spot is known as 8th Island, is where I stand with them. It is where the more popular 8th graders

gathered in the mornings and before school. Everyone avoids the younger kids, yet I was okay with the 7th, yes that is me, it is the Island because of the rotten-ness, of we girls are with other girls, yet I look around this year and I know there is talk, yet no hate, as I feel last year for me. It took me doing this to myself to get some to see what I wanted, and that was a new life, new class, new me.

Some say: I am going backward, saying I am immature for my age… yet no, I do not want to be with

them that think they are when they are not. I am frightened, but I am not sure what I am afraid of, which just makes the fears worse. I do not even know whether there is anything to be frightened of- really- there just kids like me, yet I not just a kid like them- am I…? It all comes down to what is underneath- and on the inside- that is all they care about- and what shows on the outside more than that- right? It all comes down to the- sex of it…?

This is fine prearrangement, though, because, by spring the 8th

graders will nearly be freshmen, and will avoid anything that might identify them as younger, yet that all so mean, the sophomores, are going to bully me like before, yet I have one year of freedom, to make this kid see the real me, and hopefully- like- I well keep ‘um.

There was a younger 8th-grade girl, there- I remember that I oh so-o love too, brownish hair. She smiled at me, and we hit it off fast like all that is pink and girly and Ariana, it was all that we talked about has she said her but this in your ear, it was a bud, with I

am so into you playing, we shared the same headphone, standing there, I felt more loved than ever by a class of kids.

Not the cutest girl, in the group yet sweet, not popular yet not sped either, yet I do not say those kid’s ant nice, they are, you just must wonder, what wrong with them or are they okay… to be 'round, you could never really be seen with on, for those starts.

She talked to me, about if I was new to the school, she did not know about me and I did not say, I was

shocked, that some girls where this naïve, but I cannot remember what she said, about her, yet I remember her saying: ‘I started shaving there too, itchy- right.’

There is something more to her, that I never saw in anyone- but her, but I cannot reach it to say what it was, not judging me, cannot find it in the black thoughts of shock I was in, to recall. She said amiably- ‘Add your number to my phone,’ and my legs felt as if they gave out from underneath me. So-o, I did… first girlfriend other

than her ever, um- like all the boys can go suck it, I never want to be one or have them for friends, they are everything, I do not want to be.

We all rush into the door she holds my hand, running in, and then it slips away as she goes to her known spot and homeroom, and I do not see her the rest of the day and she left me with a small, I did even get the last name, yet I was fluttering on the inside with butterflies.

Um- like, ah- when I was outside my underarms at this point feel

chapped, like my legs and lips to under all the pink lipstick and glitter glow of my makeup and green eyeshadow, that corresponds with my olive tank, and kicky jacket green top.

I was doing out with my day as you know it is all about what you are wearing and see all that you will be with for the next 180 or so days, it is a slow day of meeting the teachers and they read syllabi and handing out books and saying your all passing as of now all you must do is keep it.

I look around the room and see all the kids, my phone is on the desk in front of me with just her number in it. My purse is not on the floor, it is hanging over the back of the chair where I usually leave it, like all the other girls, I copy as they do.

I must have had it, yet not the same thing in as they- I would not know yet all I need, I will find out, because I am in a class with mostly girls, which means I have my keys, in there and a change of everything, and pens, and random gum, and nail polish, etc.

So, walking through the hall going to lockers I ran into the same girl today a school, and she blows me off, I thought how someone has gotten to her already. I thought…

Before, I knew it the day was over, and it was time for the buses all the kids running out of the school, papers flying, to take us home, or just get the train, or have mom get me, yet I do not have them so, I did my own thing, and I did what I always do, taking the train over, its faster. Buses have never worked for me- I thought.

(Day 2 of my 2nd 8th-grade year)

My hands are trembling, more than my body. I get out of bed, I am naked, yet everything now is where it needs to be in my body-mind, and soul. I catch sight of myself in the head-to-toe mirror next to the dresser. I have a cut on my lower lip from biting it; Mascara is smeared over my cheekbones, I am alone, yet, I live with a family that said they would take me in… even if I was at elevated risk…

There are bruises on my legs, I must over up too, and I feel disgusting.

I put my head between my knees, waiting for the wave of nausea to pass; as I sit back down on the bed, the bedroom door is just open a crack, I see the woman looking in at me, she was wondering like them I would image. I get to my feet, for the clock is going off, grab my night top, that I took off and placed it in the hamper, and open the door saying: ‘I am on my way- don’t worry I am fine.’

The home is quiet, for now, I know this woman, has girls of her own- yet I was asked to stay away, that I am on thin ice. For some reason, I am certain I do not want to be here, I want to be home or with her; yet, I do have what I want with me- and that is the real me, yet not home life yet, nevertheless, you cannot have it all.

The next day- I was looking for her, the girl, that gives me a number, I did not text her, for I did not want to impose, and be nescience. There she was, yet she was not alone, she had two

girls next to her that were the same looking as she. I could not believe my eyes, I made new girlfriends with three triplets' girls named Baca, Emily, and Melody.

The only way to tell triplets apart is by their eye color, Baca has brown, Emily has green, and Melody has blue, I am sure that two of them are wearing contacts.

Baca is the one, that I meet the day before, I feel as though she did jittery with them standing there just chatting about schoolboy's music and

so on, saying I was not into boys - with her sisters, the day before standing next to them we all just hit it off fast, like the same things, I never knew that making friends was this easy. I could not tell them apart, yet I knew, that they would be my besties.

I got my first ever tagged pic., on Facebook when she said: ‘take a cell phone picture with us,’ and I was more than overjoyed! Um- though I cannot remember when, I ever had someone ask me to do this- not even her, she did but it was not like this. Before I went

in, to start the day of learning, and groping of whom was going to become, I walk as quietly as I can out into the hallway, looking down yet, all of them are smiling at me, and I did not know, it was freedom to me.

I asked my new girlfriends over to my new home; I did not even think to ask if it was okay…

Us girls- Baca, Emily, and Melody - I can see that Haven's bedroom door is open slightly. we peer into her room, one on top of the other, just looking at her. Her bed is made,

nicely like someone, that has OCD, we are not like that we whispered to each other. She may have already got here before us and made it, thinking we would judge her for it or something like that, surely, she is not that neat- us whispering again, all in matching outfits, pink, dress, and ribbons in their hair on the lift side.

Thoughts unanimous- between are the same whispers, but I do not think she stayed here last night the room looks that nice. Yet, I am sure it will not like that tomorrow for where

girls are having a sleepover, which is a source of some relief, I am sure to her, we heard about her, like all when the teacher gives the speeches with her in the room, confidential- my butt, yet where not saying or care, she one of us now in is click- she needs us and we love her for her.

This should not matter to anyone, not even the teachers- I feel, and they had no right saying she was a bad apple, the sense of shame, is going to be feeling, that why we are here also if others turn on her now, she has us,

three, are mom even said its okay- to play nice. I feel like an incident, as she would, it was what she had to do, though Baca, to get away from, the kids, yet she still has the same teacher as last year, talking crap, about her new life, she loves, and they want to take from her, and where a girl is not going to let, that happens, no, and the whispers where unanimous, proportionate we are with the gravity of the situation, but also to the number of people who witnessed, what was said we had to come, for the heat is going to

be all over Rockville- soon. And she is not going to see it!

~*~

I remember the after, saying it was okay for me to be discarded from the hospital, that all was good with me and coming home, to my new home, with them, and just walking was so hard, I had no one really to have mercy on me, as I went into the home, I recall being at the top of the stairs, I feel dizzy again and grip the banister tightly, as she said you did this to yourself, you can make it is on your

own, yet she soon warmed up to me, it was more of that what they say- that she was feeling towards me- judging before knowing. It was not even a day until she was the mom I never had, and she falls in love with a new girl she never had, and she said: talk is cheap is not you are a fine young lady, and I got something I never- ever had by a mom a hug!

It is one of my great fears, was not looking like a girl alive (along with bleeding to death, you never really know how alive you are until you start

to feel death.) That I will fall down the stairs and break my neck, was nothing like that fear I had of losing ever- and have anybody- other than her, that cared, and even she did not at that time. Thinking about this makes me feel ill again, it like the getting kick in the nads' feeling, and yes those were cut off too, I can never have kids, and that hit me too that is mine, and my mom and dad, said they were not paying to keep with was in my nuts. So-o there- how do you like that? They said- we have been cheated her, with

your experiments of gender questioning.

Dad- ‘By you being a few cans short of a six-pack.’

…is how they worked it.

Havens real Mom Lynn-Netta- I want to lie down, but I need to find my bag, check my phone, I had to all my friends and tell them about, my break down, and what my son has just done to himself… it was the take going around, and I was with then saying he was losing it, was speed, she has been

spending too much time with the trash over the way that is just that!

Parents- well we attest now know that we have lost all our credit cards, to his dumb sucking move- and I am not paying for this- Haven's dad was yelled all over the waiting room and was asked to leave, and when he would not, he was hauled out the door by five men, along with mom.

…And then that is when 'I got- Haven's real story as too- why…?' Said- the doctor, on staff that night. He went on a no- to me opening-up, all it took

was a teddy bear, and me being nice to the now- her- and understanding- and we took care of her expenses- I felt the need and so did the team.

I need to know who all I need to call, she said, 4 days after all this… her handbag has been dumped in the hallway, by her mom, looking for whatever even dugs as to find out the why- of it, just inside the front door, of the sitting room. I got everything cleans up and made her my responsibility until my shift was over. I had to see what was making this young

lady- now tick. (and it was not long to see all that was wrong) Her member was cut, almost off there was nothing we could do, and it was her choice to go all the way anyways, we have the signed document after the fact, by her- and that it was life or death- there was nothing we could do otherwise, and also the school Invalided education program, that where just ridicules to her identified, they had her with the special needs, and groped her a mental, and that she should not even be in the 2nd grade with her dangers of herself

and others, that she just too crazy to be around others.

‘Lawsuit!!!’ - I screamed! ‘This is all bull-shit to do to a kid! All the staff looked at me, yet it was approved I was right, in saying and going there in calling others to get a case going. There was nothing in the brain testing to say she was not normal yet read this report and the girl will not even get a job clean shit out of a toilet someday. And the whole town knows this… she branded!’

Me- Sarah, my jeans, and underwear sit next to it in a crumpled pile; when I heard that she was going to live, laying my bed after having to satisfy myself, and I just said, ha- I want to see her dye- for doing what she did to me, and my dad said- I get that, the first thing we ever agreed on really. He always just busts in my room, yet it is a small place.

Haven- I can smell the urine from the bottom of the stairs- that I was dripping. I grab my bag to look for my phone it is in there, thank God, I said, it

works, I look on Facebook and see all the talk off all the kids, that were pulling for me to dye, they even made a hate page, all in my grade, along with a bunch of scrunched-up twenties and a bloodstained Kleenex, drawings, that show what I wanted, is what was left, and my screen was cracked, and a teddy bear was all that I got for my sickness- I guess you could call it.

Nausea comes over me again, stronger this time than ever and I call the doctor that I had said I cannot take this; and he sees all of what I do on

Facebook, I can taste the bile in the back of my throat, and cry, but I do not make it to the bathroom, I vomit on the carpet halfway up the stairs, and my new mother was getting it, and me- at that moment.

Haven- Upstairs, I plug in my phone and lie down on the bed. I raise my limbs, gently, gingerly, to inspect them, and that too. There are bruises on my legs, above the knees, standard drink-related stuff, the sort of bruises you get from walking into things.

My upper arms bear more worrying marks, dark, oval impressions, that look like fingerprints, from being moved from bed to bed, like dog meat by trauma surgeons. This is not necessarily sinister- I thought for me to do, is it? I have had them before, never like this, usually from when I have fallen and someone has helped me up, playing as a boy on the teams, baseball, baseball- and so on.

The crack they made for me down lower, that I should not touch feel like it would never- ever be right, and I

freaked, but it could be from something as innocent as me not knowing what they did to make it right.

I must lie down, when she posted on Facebook, I should have passed, If I do not, I had to lie down, I am going to pass out from the long letter she posted to the world about her being alive, I am going to fall if I do not soon. It was like a page of run on's about her life-ending. So, for a like tree week, we just moved in on her and shared her room, and her new mother was more okay with us girls hanging.

(New day- three weeks into Havens new life)

So, like it is are academic decathlon on Monday- that would be tomorrow, so I need to see if she could help me with my studying along, with my new BFF's, that is the lie I told her, I could give a crap about my grade, they are all fixed, I cannot make them love me, the teachers that are, and I need somewhere to say for the night, I know that it is not going to fly yet I must ask. I am out of fuel in my heater, at my home, and have no cash to get

any, so its bag her for a twenty, just to make it ‘till my payday at my job, and now that I don’t have her, I am on my own. And my mom wants to see me fall on my face, why- she does not need a why- she just does.

The tree girls- like- our parents dropped us girls off at our older sister- we are living with her, we are living on our own now, even if mom and dad, we should be home with them kissing butt, yet we want to be grownups, our sisters are age 18 she has an apartment up

with the low life, also, we do not have much, just like the rest of the world.

She and I, and us girls we are off here using are pulled bikes in like 3º snow, yet mom or dad taking us to the movies was not going to happen, they have already done more than they felt the need for us, like we have a car either, that runs… ha.

I or we girls do not have the money now to keep a car up. The law forbids us to have bikes on the road- it is all of us doing this though so way to they care if where low life just trying to

live, like to drive on the road currently, of the year is nuts. I know that we are going to get pulled over for this at some point, yet- we do not care. All we can say is that we need to have fun to be kids- yet I do not think that is part of life any longer- for a kid to be kids.

I know that I- we, we will all be frozen, by the time, that I- we get there… to the movies, that is where we planned to go, yet that is all we must do, and after that, I will be flatly broke, yet I feel not let them know this, yet oh well it builds character they say, to

have nothing and have nothing to lose. What feels like hours ago, is even harsher by the wind chill, as I make the 4-mile bike run, to my sisters. Either way, I knew these, kinds of mornings suck on the weekends because Baca must get up extra early to have time to shower, for her mom drags her to do the church thing, she must do her hair and put together something cute to wear. She does it all without turning on the light, so as not to wake her young sister, who is 4-year-old also, living with her older sister for her mom is just not right- like all ours, with whom she

shares the largest bedroom in the home with. There is not enough room for us all to cram in.

Anyways, it was hard to get them all to just say yes take me, in we did not get much sleep, yet I had a place to stay, I knew that we girls would have to take bikes to school, or hope the train over, for they do not get it at school that we do not have mom and dad or them at the school that care, to see that we must find homes that work for the moment, yet it was nice just to be warm. The baby does not

fall a-sleeps until the last possible minute, because she has no morning of having to shower and go to school and getting up a 4 am to do the routine to speak of, besides brushing her teeth and cycling through a rotation of jeans and boxy T-shirts, is what makes you in 8th grade, and me tripping over them in one old small bathroom- did not help- either.

Baca yawns, we were in class. She cannot remember a thing that we never learned, nothing was right on her test, I could see it on her face.

Meanwhile, I think I may have passed this one yet they- the teachers that made me this way- would say not so-o.

This morning, I had proudly put on a new T-shirt, that I bought online, the first time, that I got a girl's shirt from an online store. The first time, I use a gold card… I have been saving this card for Christmas all this year, and its Christmas again, there was only $20 loaded on the card; yet I got what I wanted even so-o, even if shipping was more than I thought also. 'Thank you'- I said to my sister shakingly, for caring,

when she needs the money herself, I did not get her anything, yet she understood, ‘it’s cool’ she said, yet she must play mom, dad, and family and make holiday for us all, that too falls on us kids.

My sisters and I, all got the same series of fantasy novels called: ‘Harry Potter,’ the form is mom and dad, yet not one of us could get past the first page, we can read it- in 7th grade, mom was shocked, yet not surprised. So, we just called it gay- like every one of us in is class to make up

for the fact we have not read it, and took them back, only go half of what they paid yet that was worth more to us and got the money. 8 books- I said- why not just get the movie- dumbasses, my two sisters like I whispered unanimously- we agreed. that would be easier, like who reads anymore? Could have us new cell phones, these things are older than us. And where stuck paying for the bill, not they said, you are like you have what you have.

Like I- Haven and all my friends are obsessed with the new I-

phone 5 that just came out, yet we would have to the sale and ovary just to get one- four the tree of us- to share- and sharing to us is getting old. In my sisters, old beat to hell car, Baca to give me two French braids for school it turns out my sister has a big heart and taking us all to school, one on each side of my head.

I only wanted Baca to give me two French braids, yet all of us girls have them now, I know if the other girls see us looking the same, someone we give us crap about it; even though Baca

can do a knot or a twist- hairstyles, she has this look down for us all, Baca feels are better, more classy choices out her two 12-year-old sisters- I feel, they may all look alike yet there miles apart on the inside.

But Baca says no to Emaly and Melody's requests, even though she finds it weird that Emaly and Melody want to dress in what is a costume because the braids do make Emaly, and Melody look better, or at least like she cares a little bit about how she looks. I pick up my phone. There are two

messages. One part of the day when we're not in the same classes, it makes us three said, yet that’s school, crayons, and glowing shit on paper in 8th grade, and look at: ‘See Spot Run,’ and doing 2nd grade spelling, yet the teacher feel there right on point with us- I could not even tell you a place on the map where we are from, or who all the face are that ran the US, yet why do I care, they say to me, I don’t if you don’t.

The first is from Haven, received just after five, asking where I

must. She is going to Damien's for the night, she will see me tomorrow. She hopes I am not drinking on my own. The second is from Melody, received at 10:14. I almost drop the phone in fright as I hear his voice; her shouting. 'Jesus Christ,' 'what the hell is wrong with you?' I ask, 'I have had enough of this, all, right?' She said- 'they make out to be metalloids-' it read. 'I've just spent the best part of an hour looking at this shit and looking around the room, and there is know why I am getting this Math, Reading, and so on,' I sent back- 'maybe it's too easy.' You have

frightened- and frustrated, Melody, you know that? Said the prick teacher, that cannot tell one from the others, and does not care too.

And that expulsion for having a phone out in class, yah go suck it, I am in the office, and another for a too short of a skirt with no underwire under them; ‘pervert,’ I said back, well that all of us, then, right? ‘No just you- the smart mouth- GO!’

‘No- I don’t have to,’ and I was dragged out the room by my skirt bottom, it comes off like you would

expect before I was out the door.' She thought you were going to… she thought… It is all I could do to get him not to ring the police. Leave us alone, we screamed, in the classroom, stop calling me names, I said- to the teacher, stop hanging around us like we are dumb, just leave us alone.

'I don't want to speak to you,' I said to the principal, 'Do you understand me?' 'I don't want to speak to you either- we can just send you out of here, I don't want to see you, for a week, I don't want you anywhere near

this school. And the girl you where texting too Haven- I do not want to see her for a week, she did not do anything, that is no matter to me, she already, a badly-behaved, ‘You think you can ruin your own life here in school you cannot, he scrammed at Haven, I make your say- of what you can and cannot do.’ ‘But you’re not ruining mine.’ She said back- ‘Not anymore- you don’t have to be where- we send you to the retard school. I’m not going to protect you any longer, understand?’ ‘Just stay away from us. Melody said to him- and his

bending us backward over his desk with his yelling.'

School buses and cars begin to appear, were still in the office, and were let go- they did know it, but we wanted the 3 weeks off, all of us girl cut- going to drop out at some point we know- yet that they why they want it.

One by one, I am warmed by her and her sister's hugs, 'I don't have any more chances,' I say to Haven, 'your discarnate- on,' they said, and like them all at once- 'and it's not right,' They all spent the weekend sending

pictures of potential dresses back and forth to one another for the missing the winter- snowball dance on Saturday night. The dress Baca is completely in love with- a pink satin halter with a thick white bow cinching the waist- is on hold in her size 0 at a store in the mall, she prayed for it too. And is not getting that back either.

Her only hesitation was knowing that her sisters did not seem to know how dressed up, without her, or want to go, and that would not be right, sure we could not all go without

all of them there, could we. (Back a week)

‘Ooh! Emaly!’ Baca says when her best friend her sister, Melody Krumenacker, comes walking over from the parking lot. ‘Did you show Haven your winter- snowball dress? Does she think it’s too formal?’ Emaly throws one arm around her, in a shop in the mall that has things marked down for flaws, and things like that.

Baca and pulls her in for a hug, with us girls saying- ‘I love you all so much.’ ‘My sister said it’s perfect for

you to go with that one! Pretty and fun, and cute, and boy-loveable, you are! But not in a trying-too-hard kind of way, I love that flirty too though, sexy- yet not showing it all- undies, or no?'

I would not spend money on them and save, for shoes, 'He'll know you don't want lines... and you feel- um scandalous- and that makes you feel like a WOMAN, not a little virgin girl, 'well that's what we are?' RIGHT? Baca yell in a panic, the three of them all at the same time yell- YES- with a look on

their face that is too cute you could not help but love them for it!

Haven- ‘that not trashy, though, is it?’

‘We’re not… go with it.’

Baca- ‘Show off your goods, that why God gave yah’ Haven - she screwed up her face, in only a way she could, saying he did not.

‘Oh yes…’ she said.

Becca and Emaly are the only two girls in their group of us girls, who have older sisters who also go to the

high school up there on the hill, and they say to go without having sex with boys, that boys like that, its Rockville's, only thing boy think about, the only thing boys should care about is the girl, yet they do not they just want in your jeans. And the other a nodded in a way only they do, she said I would get that one when I older- I do not get it.

Becca sighs with relief at having received Emaly's sanction and approval, about us not have sex at the end of the 8th-grade dance, with are dates like all the other girls or they say

they are going to do, you know how girls are, and a boy is far worse than that, for lying about the V card.

Becca and Emaly are the only two girls in their group of us who have older sisters who also go to, and they say to go without, that boys like that, its Rockville, only the boys should care.

Not that Becca's Emaly and Melody is any match for Emaly's, modesty yet I get why she wants little girl undies underneath saying- what if you fall- of something like that.

Unlikely- yet I get- I Haven had other thoughts- to it- yet I was going to do just what they were, as a girl that I am, the bra is built in so why make yourself feel restricted when you are grinding on a boy.

During that week, Baca and Emaly snuck into Haven’s bedroom to look around- it the typical girl's room, nothing out of place from any other girl- in this world- all pink and right- for an 8th grader.

They stuck their heads in Emaly’s closet, looking for boy things

not one, just a lot of different undies, the young girl with flowers and girlie things on them- bras, and T's and short shorts, 2 dress, and jeans that are skintight to her from- like us we said- unanimously, her new mom has been shopping for her I see.

The next night a school night it was a Wednesday- I was in the tree girls' room, that have tree beds, in a row, all in soft pink and lavender with mint green. With white headboards, and white nightstands, with a photo of the boy there crushing on in their

matching digital frames, that show all there the girls' days of growing up.

I- Haven was snooping, I found a few boys' phone numbers hidden in Emaly's sock drawer next to all the little girl undies, and her gummy dildo, all the girls have their own, in the same place all in assorted colors so that can tell them apart, she swears off forever- over what boys say, I wonder what that was like to be crushing on more than one a one time, she said that is okay too.

Like before going to be it is this girl ritual to masturbate, there fully nude, I have to say as a girl to it became mine also, with them… when I sleepover, and on my own, oh there is nothing cuter than seeing three triplet girls doing that as your sitting at the foot of their tree beds looking up at them, and they want to see them cuming, it is what girl do at sleepover also, and they are not going to go a night off, just for I there no- was just that close now, I was with them…

I remember the first time- like I-

Haven was nervous about cuming in-front of other girls, to show my goodies, that may not be right, yet they were, yet Baca said I help you got off, and the girls did it with me, on one of their beds, my back agent the headboard with her and her and she next to me.

…And yet they got me one of those too, just like there is off Amazon, for $7 it is a blue 7-speed rabbit, that

will blow any young girl's mind they said to me.

…And held her charm bracelet, that she was planning to give me, against her undies that were on her wrists, the night before, I said I like it- so she must feel the need too… give it to me.

I would love it- yet I had to abolish the moment for myself. I have always been like that…

I look to see how these girls have everything perfectly arranged atop a white wicker vanity, that they

share, I love it- I said you must do this for me- in my room- they gave me so much free crap- in make-up, and things to make my face look cute.

I had always dreamed of having a vanity, but there was no place for one, I thought- yet they did it for me out of an old table, I asked my new mom for that was in the hallway that needs some love…

I and the girls made it white, with a can of spray paint we found, and they did the rest, along with watching makeup scenarios- YouTube videos with

me to find my true look; fake lashes and everything; I even had my eyebrows redone by them, even if they were not bad there right now!

The biggest thing they got me was hair extranets, now my hair is down to my butt, they said- ‘like if your kind to them you can keep them for years,’ ‘we put our money together are allowances, we want you to have all this, a bag of girl’s make-up things. This was also the money back from the Harry Potter books.’

The next day you have to say, the girls where all looking at her, with that dropped jaw look, Emaly stayed by herself that week, I cannot say why, she loves me, I know, yet she felt like she lost her sisters a little, that week to me- become the girl I never- ever knew I could be.

Ask.FM Bacca is answering her new questions for the day- asked by anyone around the world at age 12, yet there is nothing else to do, by being online.

I just got this on ask. FM- Shaved or hairy cunt innie or outie I said- Shaved, innie, yet Emaly is not right now, she wanted to see what not it is doing would feel and look like for a while.

Do you sleep naked?

All three of us girls do.

When last did, you kiss?

I kissed a girl and I like it!

Have you ever made out with someone you wished you never made out with?

Yah my mom- ha

Would you make out with me right now?

No!

What is your bra size?

12? 34B? That would go for all three, dumpy?

Would you pay for sex or rather, get paid for sex?

Which celebrity would you sleep with within a blink of an eye?

Ryan Gosling

Have you ever kissed a girl before?

Yah- her name is Haven and my 3 sisters.

Show a photo of you three.

No creep!

Would you be open to a threesome?

I do that every night with them sully.

Do you like watching porn?

Yes, we all do

Does size matter to you?

I would not know yet…

- Have you ever had an orgasm during sex before?

I have only had them with me…

Have you been caught having sex?

Yes, my dad and mom, yet that do not care, that I cum on my own time.

Where do you like being touched the most?

My pussy dah! I am girl!

If I asked nicely, would you show me your boobs?

NO!

- Would you use sex toys?

I have one, like all girls my age!

- How often do you masturbate?

6- to 10 times a day, like my sisters. Three like before the long day at school, once or twice as soon as I get home, and hit my bed, and like three

more before I bath and shut my eyes to go to sleep. If you must know!

Would you kiss your crush in public?

Yes, would you?

Have you ever watched another couple have sex?

Yes, my older sisters and her boyfriends for the time being.

Would you like to have somebody watch you while having sex?

I do not care, its webcam, so I do not care, girls do that all the time, it normal.

- What part of a man's body would you like to see first?

His DICK!

(I love some of these things boys say Emily roll her eyes, saying make them goo hard in her pants, sis, play with them.)

Do you want me to kiss you?

Ou- no! You might have *coodies*- on a scale of 1 to 10, 10 being

the highest, what number would you rate your blowjob skill?

G-strings, thongs, granny panties, or commando?

Commando is the thing right now with all of us young girls in middle school, with leggings.

Doggy style or cowgirl? Never had sex

Will you cheat on your boyfriend with an ex with whom you still have strong sexual chemistry?

Um- never dated a boy yet.

Where was the craziest place you ever had sex?

I am a virgin like my sisters, why you want to change that- stranger danger?

Spit or swallow?

Swallow- I am a lady!

Do you take it in the butt?

Yes, I think, if you do not mind a hairy butt hole!

What is the craziest thing you have ever done?

Licked my sister’s pussy!

Are you single?

Yep- yet Emily is thinking about dating a boy and it may be U!

Rim job?

Gross (all their noses were ranked up)

Wanna f*ck?

Yes please (giggles)

Emaily’s ask.fm change over (Baca said)

Virgin?

Obviously-

Giggles coming from the room their mom walks past and just rolls her eyes! As she has seen 4 girls with their 4 head smashed into the apple computer.

Youngest age you would date?

Oldest?

14-18

What song do you love to dance to?

WOBBLE-

Boobs-

My life story…

U are scared to kiss guys…?

Yes, very much. Lol.

Sometimes I get a boner when I poop. Is this weird/gay?

I do not even know how to answer this lol.

(‘Do you need to jack them off to get that down now Melody said?’

…Unanimously they did not know if a boy walks around with one up all the time or not.)

- What was your first paying job?

A babysitter, and what nice is my sisters can trade out on the mom and dad and they do not even know.

How many books have you read in your life?

HA- HA BOOKS-

What is the best thing about being your age?

There is absolutely nothing good about being 12. You cannot drive. You cannot drink.

You must listen to your parents. UGHH.

Who was the last person you kissed?

I do not like to talk about that... lol

- What's it like to know that in a previous life you were a used tampon?

I just hope it was not yours

What are 3 things you cannot live without?

Internet. Friends. Food.

What do you notice first in someone of the opposite sex?

That they have a penis

Do you have a hot tub full of semen?

Yes, and I want someone to get pregnant

(Wa-wa-wha-t…?!) it was unanimously thought about with three head tilted to the lift side.)

Melody-ask.FM

Ha- you only go the one-

1: Age? 12

2: Height? 5’1’

3: Ever been fingered Um maybe?

4: Single Yep?

5: Virgin? Yes

6: Do you wear thongs? Sometimes

7: Bra size? B

8: Ever given a blowjob? Yes, about three weeks ago, at his moms in their basement family room. So-o yah- I have…

9: Ever had your pussy licked? Maybe

10: Ever have a 69? All the time 11:

Do you masturbate? Yes everyday

12: Have you ever flashed, anyone?

Not meaning too-

13: Ever sent nudes?

Yep, to a boy I liked-

14: Type of underwear you are wearing now- I am not?

(Melody said therefore I am not on this…)

Bacca comes on you like it… yes, when are you…

Becca and Emaly asked questions about what - Rockville High was like, and Emaly gave them lots of helpful, blunt advice, like to be cautious when hooking up with older guys, gossip only with the friends you completely trust, and how to hide the smell of liquor on your breath from your parents.

The day is over, texting her and her friends back home with our many just the 3 girls, and reading a stack of teen magazines, that she had brought with herself, and she only went to the

skating rink with Becca and Emaly once for a couple of hours, I could not go I was cramming homework, and my new mom looked over and singed so they could not say I did not do it. But on the one rainy night, Emaly let them spend time together with her in her bedroom, and we play an x-box. She curled their hair with her thick barrel iron, and let them watch a crappie free Comcast movie, like Twilight 1, that I see a million times, from the foot of her big fluffy beds in the girl's room.

'Vampire's suck-' and unanimously we all agreed. 'Imagen the sex' said

Becca? ‘Ow-ha-’ said the other two all cutie and- unanimously!

‘Suck’ - ‘that they do,’ I said, with a giggle.

Emaly and Melody and Becca, meanwhile, offered nothing beyond recommendations of which math teachers at - Rockville knew their stuff.

…And Baca wondered, more than once, if Emaly even knew who Emaly and Melody and I were, although both girls were in the same grade. Emaly is about to go chat with their other friends when Baca leans in and

whispers, ‘Did you finish the Earth Science worksheet?’ Emaly makes a glaring face. ‘What do you think?’

‘Baca, you can’t keep copying my homework! You’re never going to learn anything.’ ‘Ture yet you know nothing- so…’ then way copy they all said- UNANIMOUSLY- the three girls.

Baca combs her strawberry-yet deep brown hair with her fingers. ‘Pretty please…? I just got too caught up in looking at dresses last night and went right to bed, and bath, and eat, and there was no time, to be available

for it, it will be the last time- it well. I- I swear.’

It is bad when she starts stammering. She puts her hand over her heart, and made a pouty face, with her lower lip.

‘YOU- Promise…?’

Emaly just sighs, but she heads to the school to get her homework from her locker, to give to me to copy in study-hall.

Baca cries out, ‘Love you, sis!’

A minute or two later, Emaly sprints back outside, her black ponytail whooshing wildly. ‘Baca!’ She screams, loud enough so that everyone at 8th grader turns and looks at her like she is nuts. Emaly dives forward the last few feet and grabs Baca to keep herself from falling. ‘You’re the prettiest freshman girl at - Rockville High!’

Blink- Blink- Baca blinks. ‘I’m what?’

‘You’re on the Facebook Page as most Popular, dummy! ON the Facebook top ten girls of Rockville

middle school! ‘That’s a thing?’ My sister is on it, too.’ And look- look have is number 3, Emaly looks at the other girls, her braces twinkling in a proud smile, saying good for you Haven- you made it as the girl you truly are. ‘Haven- got named the prettiest girl in the 8th class!’ Yet some dumb boys had to take the joy out of saying- that all the other girls must be butt ugly then.

Baca’s mouth flows open and goes all droopy with surprise, and I Haven hold her up. She wanted it I said, even though she is not sure what

Emaly is talking about either, it is news to be excited about a girl like Me- Haven getting top 3 and all of them under me. Luckily, one of their other friends asks, ‘What was it all about?’ and then everyone turns to Emaly for an explanation, it went viral this year… the top ten popular girls.

Haven- I do not know what I have done, to get this.

What did I do? She said in wondering questioning.

The school day is over I hear the bell right out, and I do not take the

bus, I walk along the little pathway between the parks, shops, and the neighbor’s garden, climbing over the fence, with the girl and unanimously we chat about a girl like me- Haven has made the 10 teen girls on Facebook.

I think about closing the French doors, that we left open- not thinking, silently creeping into the kitchen all of us girls march, now sitting at the table, we make our food, Havens new mom has not come home yet, from her crampy job. I grab her from behind, and she jumps and

squeals, I wind my hand into her long hair saying- I love you like one of my sis's, I jerk her head backward, with her hand- feeling love for the first time, I pull her to the floor and I smash her head against the cool blue tiles, and we play around one on top other and so forth, ''rough-housing' aging girls I see,' her mom walks in… saying- 'ah-well-a girls will be girls.'

Melody- 'Why is it I feel so unbeloved slut being like all the other girls- like posting photos, online sites and wants, and boys- stuff?'

‘God all this is making me want one, and to suck one-off like I have seen my sister doing last night in the living room.’ Said Bacca- the load one. Unanimously all the girls agreed that they want to try new things with boys, yet, Haven said- ‘I like girls more,’ and unanimously the girls said- ‘um well… um… you can be Bi… these days, and- and- and- no one many cares.’ Said the jittery one, Melody.

Bacca said- ‘would you kiss me,’ she leans in eyes closed, shy yet wanting, and they did for over 60

scents- with tongue, I will not feel boobs can I and she did under Bacca's top. Experimenting mom said when she walked in unannounced? Girls well are girls she said, do not fall in love- she snickered, making boys happy girls by practicing? 'We don't even like a boy we don't-' they said all embarrassed, mostly if not at the same time.

Part: 43

(NIGHTFALL)

My head hurts, do what I do and start humping a pillow with vajayjay, you just stressed from dumb

boys, and dumb freaking school, and dumb flipping homework, that like me you do not know how to do. I can hear someone yelling downstairs, it was my mom on the phone with my new mom saying they can do that I could get sued, she said their young girls- there nothing wrong with them playing around, ‘but she is a boy- she said fast- and harshly- SO-0 whatnot anymore, and my girl’s lover her, it’s all good.

Mom on the other end-

‘Okay…’ she said- not sure. ‘I could lose my income too if I don’t have her, and

yet, I love her for her too, it’s not about the money any longer, with us… we know that all and everyone is out to get her… I trust you do not let her and

I down with this.’

‘The three girls' mom- Stephany K., ‘It is just pillow fights, boys, make-up, nails, girl talk, online and off, and getting off- there is no harm in doing what pre-teens do. This is just going to be the 4 of them, and their hash- hash thing they do… it's fine!’ ‘-Yah-no-’

…?…

‘Hair what to do what not to do, boobs and the lack of them, and the period’s not starting and then they do, and we want life to be over- we remember that…?’

‘Right…?’

‘Um- ah… wow- there in your hands now- I trust you to do the right things you have 4 girls so-o…’

‘I wonder what that was all about…’ said- Haven, oh it is about us- I am sure, said Becca, saying then need to back off with you, yet you are doing a hell of a lot better now, and yah?

Haven said- yepper- with a big thumbs' up- thrown right on her forehead!

'I do not believe this! For God's sake! girls! HAVEN!'

My new my had to give me the talk… about us girls, and that she said if that is what you all want to do with your time- never- ever would we have done much in our day.

(Lie)

I fell asleep, with my three girls next to me at my home tonight. Oh Jesus, and I did not clear up the vomit

on the stairs, from when your new daddy hears what you will be up to. And my clothes in the hallway, like yours all need to be there, so I can wash, Oh God, oh God there all nude, yet all girls I see… so-o well… okay…

‘Where are your undies- girls, from the day?’

We don’t wear them Haven’s mom- and she yelled’

‘Mom-a me-a!’ she said Well she slapped her forehead with her palm! 4 butt bare girls in one room sharing the same bed, wow…

‘It’s a sleepover ma-’ Haven said… all cute-z!

(Next morning)

‘I’m sorry,’ Haven is saying. ‘I’m so sorry for making your life hard, I was just really… well- ah… um… I- I- a want my friends to love me, she is standing their butt bare, still from the night before with the guilt’s, as I see three eyes the same looking at me and my man in bed, I’ll be fine with them- she got hell for us…’ I pull on a pair of these black legging bottoms and a T-shirt out for, Haven, she is standing

right outside my bedroom door when I open it., crying having flashbacks of her old life…

‘I get it!’ Haven, she said hugging her…

‘God- girl, I have to dress you too…’

‘…same said to you girls…’

‘…Good God, and you want to be grown-ups and have boyfriends.’

She turns around, saying to all the girls and they walk towards Haven's bedroom. ‘And for the love of

God, will you clean up that mess you all made and the toys- and those toys too?' She slams her bedroom door behind her, with her girls holding her saying do not cry.

'Mixed up little girls-' said Haven's new dad…

'Um- yeah- they'll be okay!'

Of course, Emaly and Melody, and she had not bothered to mention this especially important thing, just like Emaly and Melody and Melody would not have a clue about which dresses

were right for the winter- snowball dance.

That Haven was in a whole heap of dog doo- at school; Sometimes, Baca wished that Haven were her sister, so they could trade places and she could take the crap for her.

As Emaly fills them in mom and dad, Baca nods along to what mom and dad say- saying, I would have it you are all going- end of the story- if I must stand there and see you all have your dance, all the other girls are pretending

that she is not as clueless as the rest of them. They were all going not to go…

‘Taking care of girls, you always come to us with these things’…’ ‘…Why… hold back, Becca…?’ ‘Um- well ah- it’s not cool- to tattle tall to mom…’ she said…

Oh, is that so… she said all pissed… I am going in with you girls today… (um- do not it is just going to make things worse…)

Dad- ‘You all want to go?

‘I don’t stand for nincompoopery, he said, under his snuffle!’

‘Yes,’ they all said- all unanimously…

‘Then shut up girls!’

Okay… Lots of times…, you and I, we’ll-a be making run-up at the meeting at the school if they like it or not- I have singed names about this place, and they are going down… if I go to an attorney!!!

‘Your mom is a fighting cat- I no right… don’t you just love her for it!’

‘Sweeeeet!’

The girls said- one hundred percent, at the same time!

Part: 44

Baca’s friends take turns bouncing her around with congratulatory hugs, and each squeeze makes her heart flutter a little faster.

Though the 8th boys act uninterested in their celebration, Baca

notices their game of hacky sack inch closer to where she is standing.

But it still has not sunk in. There are… a- lot of pretty 8th girls at -Rockville, and Baca is friends with most of them. Did she deserve to be at the top of the pack? And should have Haven been above her?

It is not strange, a foreign place for her to be. ‘I’m sorry you girls didn’t get picked,’ Baca says suddenly to everyone, that is in her class, and she partly means it, she was rubbing it in, moreover Haven then her.

‘Please,’ Emaly says, pointing at her mouth, saying button it up. ‘Who’s going to vote me prettiest- oh yeah- you already did that for a girl that you hated; before, I made her over, like at all these girls looking at her with like railroad tracks running across my face, over how Haven, that girl beat them out.’

One of the girls gets up and knocks Haven on her ass, saying she is not even a real girl- and she starts to cry as more hurtful things are running off, in slurs. ‘Shut up!’ Baca cries,

knocking into Emaly. ‘You’re so pretty! Way prettier than her and you are real.’ Why did you not get this…?

Baca honestly thinks so, it is all over her face, yet she loves her more of them herself on like those girls in her class.

‘Actually, she is blessed to have made the list this year- at all one girl- said, because when Melody finally gets her braces removed, all bets will be off.’

‘…And do not forget the only reason she got it was for some girl, that made the list was feeling bad for her.’

‘You need to hush…,’ said Becca.

Emaly is at least half an inch taller than Baca, with longer hair, that always looks shiny and a tiny little mole at the top of her left shoulder is all that shows them apart.

She has an imposing figure, with curves and boobs. Really, the only thing that is not perfect about Emaly is her braces- same with Melody- yet her

ways are what turn all the girls away and the boys too we all say it is so-o.

And her feet are a- ill-bit-bigger, which are big. But people usually overlook that sort of thing, yet when you have three girls that all the same, and as perfect as they, you must start counting hairs on their heads. Said one in the class… ‘You are the worst at taking compliments, Baca,’ Emaly says with a laugh. ‘But this is seriously huge, 2 girls that look alike make and the 3 one that is the same of us is out, and haven is in the top 3.

Everyone in the school will know who we are now- Moldey…yet there are 3 of me- I sure they do, do I not have boobs and the same face?'

'We just don't like you,' a Hayley McGraw said, right to her face.

Baca smiles, with now perfectly white and perfectly aligned teeth. Unanimously, the two of the never been more excited about the next five years than now, and Melody, with the look on her face, and haring what they are saying, has never felt so miserable, that she could just end it now- over them

saying she is a shit-faced- BITCH, that cannot get a boy to finger her, and that is why she will never make the list, she has no- swag!

Melody- ‘I wish, I knew who picked me the last of ever one in a class of 300 so, I could thank her now for ending my social life.’

Um- BITCH face- ‘Like- Why don’t you suck bleach, and do us all a favor,’ said Haley, and that night she did and was found in her bathroom, at 5 am. by Bacca. And she was cold to the touch and blue, she pasted as a

virgin, I hope all those sluts are happy said Haven, to their mom! That was not taking it too well.

And live in Rockville was never the same, and the three girls that everyone love went do to two, and nothing was done about it, and Haven was to blame, all the girls ganging up on her, yet that made Bacca, and Emaly even closer.

Mom- when in one day with the issue and the next with her death of her little girl…

(Not a school matter) that was what she got…

‘Go to the dance,’ said Havens mom, ‘…and be with your two girlfriends, and never- ever let them go, they love you-you need them, and now they need you, more than ever. Their loyal friends to you- remember that! Haven… she is looking down on you’ll now.’

Haven- ‘Yah- but that doesn’t let me see her ever… she said crying.’

(The other two hysterical)

Triplets, dad- ‘’She was just shy and misunderstood’ cried Emaly, standing over her dead body at the memorial home.

Only Haven and the family was allowed to attend. ‘She was only 12-years- old,’ said, her dad- with a life she never had- to live- all over some smart brats mouth I lost my baby girl.’

The girls, extremely excited over relevant everything thing, to a low of what was… The idea of one girl, or even an allocation, giving this honor to

her not ever- ever- ever being there again was just too much.

Part: 45

(The dumb dace, that all the others do not care about…

…Us- the girls have on the perfect dress, with the perfect look, hair, and makeup, yet none of that matters now, it is not like having her, is it?

Spoke Emily…

…Three girls sitting all at one table meant for four… spaced out, as

they see all the others, swaying to the pop music- having the time of their lives… yet they do not care about anything, but them, and for the moment and high…

‘…Hope your happy sister, you’re the top bitch at Rockville now…’ there was harsh rasp recement in her voice!’ And unanimously-

Haven felt the same.)

Scott- ‘Do you want to make: ‘I like you- baby’s -? -’

‘Yah?’

Me- ‘NO…, But we can go through the motions…’

Hey girls- Welcome back to 8th grade… at Rockville!

Part: 46

Haven- I remember having a pocket pussy and using it hard like it was her, it is hard to remember her now, dreaming about having one of my own- a sweet tight little pussy to stick my fingers in and feel as a 12-year-old would feel having the shaking after self-pressuring.

She has friends, older girls, she did not even know about, that must take far worse comment… why… why did she have to do this to us? Said Emaly…?

Haven yah me to yet, I never thought about ending it, even if and because.

She saw the list on Facebook, and the ones that should just kill themselves too. The list names ugly girls, too?' In the enthusiasm, she had missed that part.

‘I saw a copy on the bulletin board of both lists and she was on the one that said she sucked hard at life and is too ugly- to get banged’ quote on quote, said, Haven… it was near the gym, by the locker rooms.’ Emaly says. ‘But they are everywhere.’ Inside, out, and hairy, and smelly, she has a bad back- said one boy that wanted her for sex nothing more, his name I do not care, then his tipper her butt- we would know, lazy eye (not true) and her shoe does not fit, what the chatter. (Was- her feet bigger? Said Haven…

(Nowhere triplets… of course not! If that was so-o we all have that, it is near to what they think. Just because she never dated.)

It was said with her attitude she should have been the one of us that had the dick… said online… that was mocking her legacy.

‘Do you think I could be someone other than me?’ Baca wonders, and see who made this list, or not be the 3 girls of the one that killed herself, that left to the same.

She wants to keep the copy bizarre special adding it to her a memory box of all the trivial things that were her.

She had planned to talk to the girl on Facebook that made the ugly list and the one that made the cute girls list.

‘Definitely! She thought, I going to do this…

I would become someone other than a triplet of the dead girl in school, I would be… something I not… The girls hold hands as they run into school,

saying I will become your 3rd said have if we all get the makeover to look alike- I will try to take her place, I will never leave you said- for what you have done for me… said, Haven.

(Back)

‘So, whom else is on these lists?’ Baca asks, not too many girls we know.

‘Beside me and your sister?

‘Well, the ugliest freshman is Bealla Marco.’

Baca decelerates some and slows her speech, in her rambling, when I Haven lose eye contact and start to nod off and my head drops some. I could care less about being one of them, why did she care?

‘Wait?’ ‘A girl asked you don’t care?’

‘Yup,’ Emaly says, pulling her along, saying I do not want it either now that my sis is gone.

‘Wait until you see this… Whoever wrote it this year put funny things underneath everyone’s names,

all yet I don’t find them funny said Haven- why do you she asked to- that girl. Like Bealla’s called: ‘TRIGGERED AF’n SAUCE.’’

Baca had watched Bealla kill it during the obligatory mile run last week, ‘either do it or you fail-’ said… the Lizzie- teacher. Baca is not friends with Bealla Marco, but they are in the same gym class. And was all prissy about that too, yet that is just her and- how she is…

It was commendable, and Baca could have run faster than the crappy

seventeen and or eighteen minutes she ended up with, yet the teacher was giving her a tough time, and docking, her for this and that, she said: ‘I have a rum-soaked tampon in my pussy to you want to give me shit about that too bitch.’

Just like in Baca’s case. It is truly the luck of the draw having to run the long jump and see her well not jump but go long and hard to her face… but she did not want to be sweaty for the rest of the day, yet I do not she has to worry herself with all those rocks

ground in her forehead, and that chipped tooth-like West Cost has... off Fantasy Factory.

Besides, with any luck, Bealla will understand, that other girls could have been named the ugliest, moreover whatever, and so on. YEP- Unquestionably, she feels bad that Bealla has been named the foulest girl in their class, but Bealla seems tough enough to handle it.

‘What did it say about me?’

Emaly lowers her hand from her mouth as she whispers, ‘It

applauded you for overcoming genetics,' look at the video that has you splitting your legs on the beam hard when you fall, before letting out an embarrassed giggle, saying so that what it is like to get AF'ed. And all the kids get, yet not the oldies- in the room.

Emaly and Baca and Melody were named for being well what they were their girls all looking the same yet so different in their personality.

'Oh, no,' Emaly says: quickly; Baca bites the inside of her cheek and then asks, 'Is Emaly and Melody and

Melody went from the ugliest 8th graders to the coolest in one year, just hanging- with older boys.' 'It's that freaky creepy snotty AF'ed looking girl Sarah Gernaer, who scowls on the bench near Freshman Island.' Baca lowers her eyes and nods slowly. She guesses Emaly can see her guilt because Emaly pats her on the back. 'Look, Baca. Do not worry about the genetics thing. It does not mention Emaly and Melody and Melody by name. I bet a lot of people don't even know you two are sisters!' 'Maybe,' Baca says, hoping what Emaly says is

true. But even if most of the kids at school do not know they are related; her teachers sure do. It has been one of the worst things about going to - Rockville: watching her teachers realize, after the first week or so, that Baca is nowhere near as smart as Emaly and Melody and you.

I cannot blame her after I have finished cleaning up, I go back to my room. Haven’s bedroom door is still closed, but I can feel her quiet rage radiating through her things, I see a pic of us all- and burst into crying. Just like

looking through her dress too and seeing that those times will never be the same either. I was wondering what we should do this that, and her things… keep them or let the memory's go…? ...I would be all-out like- if I came home to piss-soaked knickers and a puddle of vomit on the stairs, yet that is what mom got… along with one of us out.

(Lunch at school a half week in without her)

That girl keeps running at the mouth like I when I have the poops… and can help it, yet we not even

hearing in at this point of why Melody, just had no swag.

Lacking swagger… clumsy, careless, stuttering, lacking style and grace. a person who makes themselves look pretty- foolish about all the time. would be considered ‘swagger-less.’

She got all these hashtags too- #swaggalackin #swaggerly challenged #berto #dummy #messy

I finally like up, blink- blink- blink- I don’t give a crap with an irritated eye roll- saying: ‘OMG shut up! I am sick of it; you are trashing out

a gone girl- that we loved even if you can love yourself! You have to get all your home-boys to do that for you too…' '- slut-' in a sneeze, is what she did.

Haven- 'Just because of your 14 and let a boy inside you… you know… all down there- and she points and her slit, doesn't mean you need to AF them as you do… 'stay innocent… and do one- and hold on to him… not 20… and pump and not dump. On every boy that will give you a tumble, you are gross, I don't like you at all… LITTLE MISS-

LADY RED BUSH!’ ‘‘ou-u-wah’ um like the thoughts I have Haven here are not good… said Baca mmm-ha.’

SHE HAS A RED BUSH? A BOY EATING A HOT DOG SAID?

UMM- YAH- SAID EMELY… leaning in to be seen doing the line of the run of tables, in the lunchroom.

Why did you want to see it?

Um- and his face got pink in color… saying maybe…?

Um- why- do you like that, said Haven…? To Ethan Meryer…?

Maybe…

Wink…?

He the kind of boy that would blush just thinking about a girl’s lower parts… and this girl- like- un- yah- even if… I- I- ah- dislike her she ah- um like- has that going for her, or so all the boys that have had say.

And yes, she keeps it all- NAT_ch_A_REAL! Said her girl… said in a very carnal scandalous why- and yes it red just look at a girl brow and you know what she is doing, and a French- fry was thrown on her face.

‘Lady red bush? Yep… that is the name she got on the ugly list on Facebook…’ Too bad I didn’t think of that… and she went blank in the face.

Well off to class… all the try’s dumped…

(Home)

I sit down on the bed and flip open my laptop, log into my email account, and start to combine a note to my mother.

I think, finally, the time has come. I must ask her for help or get

help about all this all that I did, I may have done it all, Beca through doing what was right. I would not be able to go on like this- if I keep all this inside, I will have to change whom I am in and out to keep going with this guilt, I will have to get someone to tell this all to- but who? Not even my sisters… who?

…and it would crush Haven.

Mom or Dad?

Thoughts…

The most beautiful feeling in the word it having a boy lick you up

down there, yet you shy virgins would not know that yet for your just 7th graders in your thinking, that is a dick, and then you feel it, and there is not like it in the world it makes you feel so-o good, and her know rankles up, and eyes roll up her hand’s clench, I loved it the 2nd time around more… their first was um- ouch. Soft warm round comfort- of love- sucky and tight… girls sh-hh- girl your making half the lunchroom horny!

I cannot think of the words, though, I cannot think of a way to explain this to her.

I can picture her face younger to her last day with us, the sour disappointment when she knows she was always last in the birthday song and the exasperations over the years. I can almost hear her sigh, with her life, the same as us- yet not always the last one out or in or whatever.

My phone vibrates… there is a message on it, received hours ago, it is Haven again. I do not want to hear

what she has to say, but I must, I cannot ignore her. She knows me that well, she is feeling, that I at the bottom of making the list, my heartbeat quickens as I dial into my voicemail, bracing myself for the worst. The guilt is getting me ‘CUZ’ I loved my sis.

‘Haven, will you phone me back?’ She does not sound so angry any longer- even if she knows, I one of the top girls on the Facebook list of Rockville, I am holding a secret, and my heartbeat slows a little too.

‘I want to make sure you got home all right, even if you’re not staying with us and I don’t know why- I have to cover for you and I am scared for you and me, you have to check in with me- it’s the regulations.’

You were in some state last night.’ A long, heartfelt sigh. ‘Look… I am sorry that I yelled last night, it is your mom… that... things got a bit… overheated, over the girls I love you even if I not your real mom. I do feel sorry for you, Haven, I do, but this has

just got to stop, you are kicking yourself over what you did not do.'

'I don't want to see you go bad… over this… I know that you were over at the Rockville viaduct with Sarah, she got you there before don't fall for it, the girls not right.' I play the message a second time and a third, listening to the kindness in her voice, and the tears come.

Yet there we are standing under are spot the Rockville bridge kissing, making out, and dry humping as we did in the past when I was a boy,

with the steamers overhead… and the mist low… and the mood mysterious, and the look eerie.

Part: 47

It is a long time before I stop crying, before I can compose a text message to him saying I am deeply sorry, I am at home now. I cannot say anything else because I do not know what exactly it is, I am sorry. I do not know what I did to Anna, how I frightened her. I do not honestly care that much, but I do care about making Haven unhappy. After everything he

has been through, he deserves to be happy. I will never begrudge him happiness-I only wish it could be with me.

Emaly continues, ‘Anyway, Emaly and Melody and Melody always gets the recognition. And every time she does, you are so happy for her. Remember last year, when you made me sit through that three-hour Latin poetry reading contest Emaly and Melody and Melody competed in at the university?’

‘That was important. Emaly and Melody and Melody got picked out of the whole high school to recite it, and she won a bunch of scholarship money.’

Emaly rolls her eyes. ‘Right, right. I remember. Now it’s your turn to get some attention.’

Baca squeezes her friend’s hand.

Yes, the genetics comment is kind of mean. But Emaly is right. It is not like Baca herself said it. And she is always cheering on Emaly and Melody

and Melody for her academic stuff. She never even complained once about those early-morning wakeups or all the college visits they had gone on this summer instead of a vacation.

Not aloud, anyway.

When they get close to the gym, Emaly jogs a few steps ahead. ‘Here it is,’ she announces, tapping the paper with her finger.

‘In black and white.’

Baca finds her name near the top of the list. Her name! Seeing it

makes the entire thing more real, feel more earned. Baca is, officially, the prettiest girl in her 8th class.

She is not sure how long she stands there staring at it. But eventually, Emaly pinches her arm. Hard.

Baca tears her attention off the bulletin board. Emaly and Melody and Melody are marching down the hall with incredible purpose, her book-bag straps pulled tight over her shoulders, the tails of her French braids swinging side to side.

If Emaly and Melody and Melody know Baca is on the list, Baca certainly cannot tell. Emaly and Melody and Melody walk in the same way she usually does at school - as if Baca does not exist.

Baca waits until Emaly and Melody and Melody rounds the corner. Then she pulls the list off the bulletin board, using her pinky nail to ease out the staples, careful not to tear the corners.

From a block, away, Bealla Marco realizes, that she is missed her

bus to take the train over to the other said, you know the school said where the good folks live, that have more than us and think it too and act so-o.

It is too silent, particularly on a Monday morning. Nothing in the air but the typical morning sounds- chirping birds, the click- click- click of rising automatic garage doors, and old train bells and the sound of steam horns of it the distances over the fogged water, the tinny rumble of empty trash cans being dragged back up driveways, for a mother that does not want to go to

work, with a prissy attitude on life and to her young.

Sarah- Late to school- we know, starving for breakfast, absolutely- like- completely- totally- um exhausted and we just awake looking like, that girl off Frozen- eating her hair and yawning.

Not such a wonderful way to start the week, said haven, that was all naked, when I had to kick her cute butt out of the bed what we were both in, she stayed over. Yes, I have to say I have fallen for her, all over, even looks

now too- she one of those girls now- all popular… and I can love her for that also.

Nevertheless, she still thinks last night was worth it, even if we did not get any sleep or our schoolwork was done.

She had been asleep for two hours when her phone rang- it was her mom, looking in on her see if she could report that she was alive.

Haven- ‘Hello…?’ she asked, her word-wrapped in a yawn, she said

yet I over at a girl's home- staying the night- and she hung up.

'How can you be sleeping; you need to be at school in less than 2 minutes? It is only midnight… no- it is 5:58. If you do not keep up with your work, I have to say back to them. It was in her voices mail.'

Haven checked that her bedroom door was shut, Sarah that is, and it was because she was on the phone with Bacca asking if she was okay. She was saying back off she mines now, not yours…

Like- Sarah, um- her parents would not like her calling in and so late this time were all worried sick.

…Or that was the thing they worried about since Haven was a year older, yet she felt respectable for her and her young life, like a sister… But for someone her parents lumped in the same category as her best friend, Hope, they certainly had a lot of rules about when, where, and how the three girls could spend time with her.

They had lost the freedom to hang out when Bacca said she was the

girl that made the Facebook, and she did it so she could be IN- LOVVVVEEE with Haven, and wanted to keep her sister, away, for she like- like her too. And that she wants to plant kisses all over her… and hug her, and never- ever let go…, and Bacca knew and would not stand for it, she was the first, and only… even if…

There were no more nights of Bacca sneaking through the dark and scratching the screen in the window above her bed, and jumping with her on

the bed, and no more cuddle time, either.

No more taking the boys they were into or them either in the night; it had come to that point there where teen ages now, and masturbating become all they thought about with each other, and eating out; all they wanted to try boy or not, or how they were into each other- and it was going more and more; and not just with Bacca- Haven..., had three girls, that was all the same to try, and Bacca wants to win the fight of her affection;

more than that girlfriend of there in trash-ville as she calls it; already felt like a million years ago since the days we were kids at 12- now, 13 woman- we are now, ladies even.

Sarah- pulled her comforter over her head, and Haven went there and kept her voice low, mom was in the next room over, ‘I want to blow me… with the lights out, she teased her, and she never really now she was serving till that moment.

‘I’m sorry I woke you girls her mom flew in the door, Bacca sighed,

saying yes it’s okay- (Thought can I just have her make me CUM.) Haven is giggling like a schoolchild saying it does not get any closer than that…! (It has been years, I want it more now than ever… her thought also… and there were so close, and they were cum-denied, by mom getting the laundry.)

I am just too amped up to sleep, now yet I hear that the TV is on over in the next room, having to smash sex is not happening either, or dildo

loving is out too, yet I must get off, we both do.

(I had too at least once since, I was 9, thought Sarah, in a hast.)

Sarrah- ‘Ah- ah- ah-AAAA- OH MY GOD….!!!’

Giggles…

‘Mom- Girls…?’

Haven- ‘Shit- ou- yah- um- um- Im’a

CuMING!’

Part: 48

(School)

Sarah, Haven, and Emaly had watched from the stands that afternoon as Bacca was stuck in a perpetual warm-up routine on the sideline while the football field got torn up by other players' cleats. He would bounce on his toes, do jumping jacks, or run a sprint of high-knee lifts to stay warm. After each play, Bacca glanced over at the varsity football coach, fingers laced around the faceguard of his gleaming white helmet. Hopeful.

She felt terrible for her. It was the fourth game of the season, and he had not seen one minute of playing time. What would it have mattered, giving sophomores like Bacca a chance? - Rockville was losing by three touchdowns at halftime. ‘The Rockville-little Indiana’ had not won a single game. ‘Well… I thought you looked cute in your varsity jersey,’ she said, that’s Scotts Hastening, the boy you have been dating for a week, yet love- love-loves.

Bacca chuckled, but Bealla could tell by the dryness that she was still upset, about it that she was not having one of her own to show off in, yet she had Haven she thought, hanging on her arm. ‘I’d rather not get called up if I’m not going to see any playing time.

Just let me start on, boys too- she said, it is all I think about is being with an older boy. It is humiliating, standing on the sideline, with no boy cuddling upon you, yet, I have her head on my shoulder now- so, it is all good,

doing absolutely nothing but feel her love, while we get our asses beat game after game. I could have had nachos with you her all the time, and feel warm and fuzzy like I do now, in the bleachers we went up, for all it mattered, and stayed till lights out- 40 to zip.’ ‘Come on, Bacca. It is still an honor to be here being in only 8th and has a 12th grader falling for you- Emaly was in love with this boy- I could tell! I bet there are a ton of other sophomores who’d kill to be on varsity.’ Emaly has moved on simply fine, without her sisters, and is not all clingy with him.

We walk home it was not that cold of a night…In the home and off to my room, I lie down on the bed and crawl under the comforter.

I, Emaly- want to know what happened; I wish I knew what I had to be sorry for- Bacca is giving me the cold shoulder, for them not to hang with them. I took her place, I guess. I felt like the coolest girl there just being a JV cheerleader… with my little uniform under his top…

Sarah- I know I was there- I try desperately to make sense of an indefinable fragment of memory.

I feel certain that, I was in an argument, or that I witnessed an argument, yet I can remember…

My fingers go to the wound on my head, from when I fell on the tracks, and busted my head on the rail, over by the train tracks that I love to walk on- balancing, it was to the cut on my lip, that I remember that I have permanent me memory loss- and I forgot that too- yet I have all the past. It is like my day

is a dream, and then… I wake up and forget it all, back to the day of the train almost ran me over, and if not for him- now Haven I would have died.

Sarah- ‘Every time… I think… I am about to seize the moment, it drifts back into the shadow, just yonder my reach. I can almost see it, I can almost hear the words, but it changes away from me again. I just can’t get a handle on it.’

BACCA-

Does TUESDAY, November 3 sound right, um- yep- sure, I do not

know the day from up- as they go down- ha.

(MORNING)

My teeth are chattering in my head, the tips of my fingers are white with a tinge of blue. Scott will come and haul me inside soon anyway, he will wrap me in blankets, like a child- I just know it thought Emaly- and he did. It is going to rain soon, I can feel it coming, I said to Bacca. I am not going inside, yet. I like it out here, its releasing, cleansing, like a cube of ice,

soak in the tub- thrilling having this was me down- the rain that is.

I had a panic attack on the way home last night, said Emaly. There was a motorbike, revving its engine over and over and over, as I was walking home, some boy that we go to school with playing head games, and a red car driving slowly past me also, yet two women with dogs were walking ahead of me made me feel safe on my path- over to the other said- yet I was scared, I need my sisters, I miss having her to do things with; so, I went into the

street and was almost hit by a car coming in the opposite direction, I couldn’t get past them on the pavement he would not let me though so I finally ran back to the tracks where I hoped a box on a train car that was slowly moving and got over the lake that way, which I hadn’t even seen- some one ever do, this boy was pissed that I said no- to sex, and a date witch all comes down to sex on the first date, not like a winner in but a blowie- and I was not going there. OH MY!

I WAS MORTIFIED, by the thought of it… He yelled something at me, and I ran- I ran. I could not catch my breath, my heart was racing, lurch come up in my mouth, like when you have taken a not get pregnant pill, and you are about to come up, that punch hard that makes you feel gruesome and enthusiastic and scared all at once.

I cut my hand, as I tried to climb over the fence, I wanted to sit on the other side for a while, where no one else goes. I ran home, now over the viaduct- into Rockville, and through the

house and down to the tracks, waiting for the train to come, to rattle through me, and take away the other noises. then I sat down there, I waited for Scott to come and calm me down, but he was not texting me back, so I knew he was on his way from his home, I thought.

So-o, I went inside, and then Scott came back and asked me what had happened. I said I was doing the washing up before he got here, He did not believe me, then he got terribly

upset, he knew this boy would not back off, with his- creep…

This retard was in the sped class… so that said it all… said Scott- ‘I guess, I should get copes involved?’ he said. ‘You know, he got to play the whole five minutes and second half, with you and your body that more than enough, for me to do something- ha they don’t care, girls like me over here get attracted all the time, you have to be someone over her, and I am one of those that are nobody- so the law thinks. Just for sticking up for HAVEN-

I have all of them turning on me. Even this boy has something in it- the law wants me to take down- just like the town for sticking with her.

I wish I were big like him, to say with me the night, and not ever- ever- never leave me- or my side, or Havens either. They are going to turn on you too Scott over me said: Haven. ‘Don’t worry yourself- it is fine…’ I should do more weight room work, and kick their asses, and try that nasty protein shakes he always keeps going. I’m way too skinny, to fight said:

Haven, …and a girl too… said the girls, ‘I’m, like, the smallest guy on the team,’ said- Scott, but you have me.’

‘No, you are not… are you? And anyway, why would you want to be like Scott? Yes, he is big… to me, being my height of 4’ 2’, just like my sisters, but it is not like he is in decent shape… ha- and then he lifted his top, and we saw the six-pack, and little man boobs, that were faultless, and then I looked down- and was thinking about that hard dick, that just so-o you want to rub him and it with my hands- and I did. ‘It was the

right time for him to have a BJ! -for loving me…’ I bet you could run circles around him, said Emaly to Haven as School boxers were on the floor and he was making CUM-faces.’ I will make sure your okay- and aw- thanks he grunted out. Oh, my- said- Haven… rolling her eyes at the cute… of her loving him… feeling her darling- love for him.

The next day at school, Bealla was sure Bacca knew she was not crazy about Scott, it was all over the school that she rubs him off… and that Haven

and she were getting stocked, it was official, she was his girl, and all other boys need to back the freak off, or he would kick their ass- the owned her ass, and puss- puss too, yet that what a girl at Rockville wants- no?

The lunchroom and hall were buzzing about all the kids have sex and those two were at the top- in the snickers, behind the hidden look in their eyes to others. Bacca once told her that Scott had a special shelf for his cologne bottles, like his razor, and lube, which he displayed proudly, like that

one condom that was meant for her- when she said yes- it was going to happen, and it did that night… they had first-time sex, and it was unanimously a sure thing they were a couple, yes that is what you do here is this school to show it- have sex and you are- um- ah well dating- dah.

The old man perfume… said Bacca and would not leave the house without a splash on. Scott would even put some on before he would go lift weights in his garage. According to

Bacca, Scott was grossed out by the smell of sweat, even his own.

(One week later)

Bacca considered it. ‘That is true… she thought about it; the man does eat crap, so that makes you small that way- she cutely taps him on the chest. I do not think Scott even knows what a vegetable is unless it goes on his Big Mac. No wonder he could not get a girlfriend, till I slimed him down- with all the SEX- and she said sex and a knotty and suggestive way. See- see-

being a football player is what you need and me too.’

Study hall in the library…

sitting at the table- no one reads there texting or dolling… sneezing or wheezing…

(Chat with the girls…)

Scott- God I know right, I jizzed a kid…

Ha- they all giggled…

They both laughed at that, for the entire day.

It had taken Bealla a few weeks to understand the way Bacca and her friends acted around each other, in the ways there were. The guys were super competitive, but especially Scott, now, we were going to be the best him he could be for her.

Everything between those two was a rivalry- all the grades back, new sneakers, who could reach the water fountain first. It seemed to Bealla like normal girl stuff but every so often, Bacca would take some stupid ‘losses really hard.

Bealla was also competitive, and while she sympathized with Bacca's pangs of defeat, she also never pitted herself against her friends. She did not even want to think about how sucky it would have been if she or Hope had not both made the swim team. That said, Bealla did take special pride in knowing that, when it came to the boys having girlfriends, she had tipped the scales in Bacca's favor. 'Hey,' Bacca said. 'Guess what I found out today. Even if I do not play a single minute this season, I will still get a varsity jacket, something you only have if you

put it all out there... like the high school girls.'

Some weeks have passed...

She got one... her girls were all delighted for her...

'You'll look hot in it,' Bealla said. It was kind of a silly thing to say, but she knew it would make Bacca feel better. 'I care about the jacket so much- it makes me feel like a sexy lady. It'll just be cool seeing you in it all this winter.'

It is so tiny- said Scott Well, I am tiny… said Emaly.

‘You’re sweet,’ Bealla said, blushing in the dark hair of long stands, from her eyes and small round face, eyes bright and wet. It would be cool to wear her varsity jacket, said Bacca at least until she could earn her own. I do not think so-o… she said to hold her hand laced, tight V-ed, downwards sweetly, and her knees looked together rocking on one leg.

~*~

Bedtime- with him-

‘Will you stay on the phone with me a little longer?’ he asked quietly.

Emaly fluffed up her pillow- kissing his photo, that was on her nightstand, and she and Bacca clicked through their respective televisions together, as if their remotes were coordinated.

With the girls- they giggled at the bizarre late-night infomercials, that populated the cable channels in the middle of the night.

As if all of them were all still together,

looking up at the pics. they have taken, saying she is looking over us- no? Yes- yes, she is…

Pad programming- swollen, zitty faces...

and Adam and Eve's ten-speed dildos flopping in a girl’s hand- mmm- mm- mmm,

Diet pills, Sex pill, Chill pills, Sia’s Cheap thrills- MTV- and more TV-

based on ancient sex secrets on discovery channel- and Family Guy.

That goes hand and hand said Bacca- and they giggled at that too…

Emaly fell asleep with her cell pressed to her ear, images of before and after flashing in the shadowy… Her battery died around four-thirty A.M. Her alarm died with it; I am sure he loved the snoring also- sexy…?

For love, and having her moment with her lover in her mind, or something close to it, she missed the bus, and that means so did we… yet she

wanted- 5 more of whatever's- longer than us… ah- we get that…

~*~

She missed it, but not by much. Emaly reaches for her phone to call that she is still home when she spots a notebook lying open in the street, pages fluttering. She picks it up… Using it to shield her eyes from the amber sun, she sees, at three blocks or so away, her school bus bouncing along to the next designated stop.

She lowers her chin and stares out the tops of her eyes.

A second later, she is running.

Her body is not warm enough, and she worries about pulling a muscle. Chasing down the school bus is not worth a stupid injury that might keep her out of the water. But after a few strides, Emaly slips into a comfortable rhythm. I dialed his number, hoping he would… and listened to his voice when he picked up, at first soft with sleep- I was, and then louder, wary, exasperated- it was to me. He was already on his way… to high school- though.

I hung up and call back, and get the school, and say I had a defective alarm. I had not disguised my number, I remember it for them this time, so they could call me if I were not there in 10- they were worried, for my safety.

This was all over me-I got up in the night, left Scott sleeping, in his bed at his home and no- one really knows but the girls, and went back over to the girls home going the window, and sneaked up to the terrace of the household, and the girls were all out,

yet the window was open for me- long story short here- I was off and had to take a latter kiddie bus, to school, one-half hour late.

I get why I am 13 and his 16, he can do that for me… take me to the lower school, the boys would eat his dick off… for it.

Do they do that…?

Part: 49

(EVENING)

Haven makes me oh so-o Horny… thought Bacca…

Sarah- ‘Hell I don’t have to remember

Instagram does that for me.’

See- see- …?... yepper…!

Yep- Emaly loves using her pink flamingo- aka, The Lush - The Most

Powerful Bluetooth one you can get… her boy got it for her for X-miss or the

Holladay’s. We girls call that thing that for it looks like a flamingo with a broken nick- flopping. We love

this thing for it goes to the music that we love… morning to the beats, and the rhythms- love this… she even lets in for the boring class and it is all on her phone and she gets off… you can see her… as she is taking her tests feeling it…

I want one… I wish I had a rich boy… said, Haven.

Home from yet another day-

Haven- I could never write down the things, I feel, think, or do. Case in point: when I came home this evening, my laptop was warm. I start to

write down, my days, she knows how to delete… what was not good she said to me, so I let her edit, my story, I had plans for it, that some girl out there would be like me and need it.

Haven on Sarah- My browser histories and whatever, was now gone, looking at things she should not, she can cover her tracks perfectly well- I thought, but I know that I turned the computer off before I left, and got rid of everything- also. she has been reading my emails again, and I do not like it.

A pleasing heat ignites her thrusting arms, her whirling legs, as Sarah starts to freak out rolling on the floor, she was that overwhelmed about to think about the day she was going to have during the day… with all of them. The school bus stops for a car pulling out of a driveway, and I had to leave her behind with my mom.

I quickly close the breach, on the bus with my girls. ‘Hey!’ she calls out when she gets close enough to recognize, the students in the back what well- you know- Haven and Bacca.

‘Hey!’

Bacca bangs her fist against the side, of the window to look out, saying we almost died over hitting a mailbox. But the kids are too busy entertaining with each other to notice Bealla over there look at us saying nasty things about Haven, and the girls.

The bus veers to the right and centers hard over the driver’s bad sight. She shouts again over the roar of the engine, ‘sit down and shut up.’ The bus accelerates, and a cloud puffs out from the tailpipe, stinging her eyes.

‘You could have gotten us killed, she yells,’ the bus driver barks, going in the ditch and we roll. The bus slams to a stop.

The kids look down at her, shocked. Bealla pushes a few wisps of brown hair out of her face as the folding door opens.

Bealla apologizes in between heaving deep breaths to the girls that looked all cut up, yet she was not. She climbs the steps, hurting, badly, she is holding the notebook, she was working on over her head like a crown, and it

was a helmet keeping her from brain damage, she wants to like- um someone to claim it, saying if I pass, I want someone to see this… ‘You’re not going to die…’ said Bacca- who was bleeding profusely from her now busted nose.

Yes, the most thrilling ride I have ever had on bus 3… Matt, the driver passed out over his cancer, treatments taking over his body and mind… they welcome him over this- said Bealla- and that is simply fine with me…

She passes up the student council bagel sale because anything heavy makes her sleepy and she is tired enough as it is. She woke up too late to eat breakfast, and there is no way she can last until lunch without food. After stashing her coat in her locker, Bealla heads straight to the cafeteria with Emaly. Hopefully, there will be something in the vending machines besides potato chips and chocolate bars. Bealla has been eating increasingly since making the first-year swim team, her body always desperate

for fuel. She wants to be careful to feed it well.

An older boy Dany passes us, girls, as they enter the cafeteria, looking Haven up and down, saying wow that doctor did an excellent job, ha, and slaps Bealla on the back. ‘Hey! Dan the Man, thanks for saying what you feel, yet know asked you so shut up!’ Said Bacca… with was hanging on Haven's arm, ‘Was he talking to you?’ Emaly asks, running out of the bathroom a-crossed the way.

Bealla is too disconcerted to react, when Haven, was face to face with her smelling her berth even saying- talk shit… that incomputable, the girls continue over to the vending machine. The entire glass front is covered over by papers. Bealla assumes it is an overzealous school club desperate for members until she tugs a sheet down and reads it, it the Facebook list, it still up yet old and crinkled, just a remembrance of what does not matter any longer.

Melody… the ugliest, well, that all we remember about her…, I can even remember her now. I think ahh- oh well…, do not care…, just like the rest of the school and the world…, do not care…, anything mater…, but the now and happing… she old news and no one cared about her any way's she was a weirdo…, Bacca- saw- a cramp spreads inside her, diminishing every muscle.

To be called ugly is one thing, I remember about her now too- I have just been that mean to her for that

whole year- it was all I wanted to remember about her- and it was all over wanting Haven to myself.

Unquestionably, Bealla has heard the insult before, yet she wants to rub it in so- I kill myself over it also for me being a dick to my sister. Can blame her really, I thought… in all the hurting inside.

The word is so generic, without even thinking- I think this- so I must be thinking. Is there a girl in the world who hasn’t, out to get me? And while she certainly is not happy about it, ugly

is something people say about each other, and say about themselves, it is almost meaningless… almost.

That hurts I thought, even though Bealla knows she is not a particularly girlie girl, she was always at the top- even over me. Wearing dresses makes her feel weird, yet I love it, as if she is in a costume, pretending to be someone else. She only puts makeup on for 3 of the school weekdays like every other day, and even then, only a little bit of gloss and some um- mascara- I should have put Melody at

the top not her, Becca thought- yet she had to kiss ass to keep popular, she has never had her ears pierced, either like Bealla, because… I am and the three girls that look the same as me are deathly afraid of needles.

But Bealla still has all the essential girl parts. Boobs. Long hair. A boyfriend and is well the shit. Bacca rips down a list of her and sucks in a big breath, the way she usually does before plunging underwater.

‘Oh, no, Bacca … What is wrong…?’

And she said why…, letting it all out to Haven.

~*~

Why do I have this here for touching yourself is a bad- bad thing- and it not- the first time you go in you we break this- thing- that not that import…

(Back to when us girls were 10)

Bacca- How I broke my Hyman, like my sisters.

There is one way to do it that is safe but trust me you will regret it

when you find that one special person to make love with and you do not have ‘it’ to give him. Go to your gynecologist and ask for a complete exam, so you can get on the pill- I was a 13 like every girl I know- thanks to mom.

The doc will have to insert the speculum and that will break it- nevertheless, I thought would be wrong to lose it to a doc so I did like my sisters myself, but a girl needs to be looked up to- for health and sports, also… so it was like what do you want to do here, and unanimously we three

made this choice, we girls did this- ourselves all at the same time… one night in our bed saying here goes.

Unanimously saying pads were out the question for us to forever- so yah girl brake there Hymans- yet it does not mean they have had sex yet.

The bloody brake- You do not have to go far…, that is what we all feel the hymen is at the opening of the vagina. The hole through the hymen is usually quite small. A tampon certainly will break it.

Inserting more than one finger would, certainly break it. Or you could buy a sex toy and put that in there. Some women put a condom on a small dildo, but I think that would be painful to a virgin- go with 2 fingers. It will have a burning pain… feeling, but I do not think you can 'mess up' unless you introduce something with bacteria into there and give a day or two before masturbating again that what we did.

Also, a girl wants to cum- it what life is all about you cannot do that with a flap of skin in the way of your

toy- dumb boys. Do not they teach anything to you! This is something that needs to be talked about, we did not know what we were doing… and there was no place to go for this, and the crap on Yahoo was gross, all we knew was it felt good… and we want to CUM, just like all the other girls in are class the was chatting about… secret.

[UPDATE: I did a bunch of research to prepare another lecture, and I found out the actual, truth about the hymen. The condensed version is it does not break; it STRETCHES!]

To my utter astonishment as I became a teen, I found this out, my tongue-in-cheek post about how to break a hymen without a penis has become one of the most read on the blog, due to people, SEARCHING THE INTERNET for the phrase ‘how to break a hymen.’ I feel guilty that there are all these women out there who want to break their hymens and the advice they get from me is slightly facetious. I still do not know why people are so worried about it, but clearly, they are, so here is the ACTUAL advice:

Option 1: Have a medical professional do it. If your hymen is imperforate, microperforated, or septate, take this option. If you do not know whether your hymen is any of these things, get a medical professional to check. If you are thinking, ‘But I don’t have access to a medical professional’ or ‘I don’t want to talk to my doctor about this,’ then there is something else wrong that is more important than your hymen.

Option 2: Have intercourse. It is how women have been breaking their

hymens for ages. There will be a little bit of pain and a possible (but not usually) little bit of blood, but it is no big deal, from a physiological/medical perspective. If your partner does not have a biological penis, use a non-biological one.

Option 3: Break it yourself. Which means you need to know both how to manage the pain and how to successfully break it.

(Actually, it is not breaking, it is stretching.)

And to stretch the hymen, you mostly need girth, so get a bigger dick or one to use, gradually increasing the girth of the thing, you penetrate with will make things easier; contrary to widespread belief, pulling off a band-aid slowly results in less pain than ripping it off all at once, so do not try to put a mango in there all at once.

And finally, pull out a little mirror and LOOK at your vagina and your hymen before you start any of this. LOOK at it. See where it is, what it is made of. Think patiently and non-

judgmentally about your feelings about what you see, as we did as a group of girls, one night- sleeping over… that is another thing have girlfriends, there to help… look at one another before… it a girl thing to do. This is a part of your body- just like theirs, just like your elbow and your toes. Be as kind and gentle with it as you would with, say, clipping an infant’s toenails. Be nice to your body or have one of your girls do it for you if that scared- all it takes is two fingers.

Have someone other than you - *is*- what we did- it not scary that way, if she genital… this came to mine because Melody was the one to break this for me… good times- good times, and the other way ‘round.

~*~

Bealla does not answer, Bacca when she said hand it over or it is your f*cking teeth, and you sucking your boy off looking like a red neck more then you are, Instead, she stares at her reflection in the newly exposed square of vending machine glass. She had not

had time to shower this morning, that is why I went there… so-o she just threw her hair up into a missy bun.

Bacca- A haze of short brown strands hangs down up around her hairline, cutely. It should not surprise her, bits of broken, is her things though, like when her hair fills the inside of her swim cap after every practice- to just like that, some falls exactly right.

Scott- I see her over the way in her little swimsuit- I there to cheer her on at she is on the swimming team, she

tries to smooth them down with a snappishly clammy hand, but the strands pop right back up. She pulls off her elastic headband that, only us three girls wear- it was the three- girl's thing as they said, anyways and shakes out her hair, and it falls lower than the nipple line of her boobs, and I make and Eifel Tower in my paints for her sitting there, she knew. It is full of love and bonce, yet a little dull from chlorine and yet it does move like normal hair should, just like her sisters, unlike all the other girls.

She turns away from me smiling, amused, tickled, and contented; rolling her eyes sweetly about the fact, that I was so taken with her. I knew she was going to f*uck me, after this, we both wanted it…, a quickie at least… She sees that the lockers outside…, and it is time to go… and we do just that in my car in the back seat. The next day we girls take about it in the cafeteria, saying the wonders of first-time sex, also have papers to do and pass ‘round to copying- fast- for we all copy the same homework…, she chokes out- that she

had the big-o- with him- that there IN-LOVE!

Back I remember Melody asking me this… ‘round this time… and I had the flashback.

So, what it like to suck a boy off? First, you need to get him hard, you can do this by kissing him for a while and then rubbing your hand on his thigh near his penis. You will not be sucking on his penis; it is more of you using your mouth for him to masturbate into, but you are doing the work for him. If you get his permission, you can

tell by his body language if he wants you to feel him or not, make sure he is comfortable with it do not just grab him out of nowhere.

After you begin to touch him and get him hard, ask if he wants you to suck on him.

If he says yes take out the penis, and make an O shape with your mouth, then put the penis inside of your mouth. Move your head up and down in a vertical motion. Do not use any teeth because his penis is sensitive. Continue

until he reaches orgasm. If you want to wow, he swallows the semen.

Thinking and snapping out of it- I see a girl, I do not know younger tearing down every copy of the list they pass. I look up tearing up… they did not get why- yet it was all just a blared memory. Without further discussion, the two girls leave the cafeteria, split apart, and begin running, one on either side of the hallway.

Part: 50

Though Emaly is glad for something physical to do, after Math

class and English, and Cam. it was nice to get out of challenging work, it is also her second sprint of the morning without any breakfast, she is feeling drained. She searches deep down inside for the strength to keep going, putting one foot in front of the other, like a straw rooting around the rim of a soda can. She makes it to the end of the hallway and then runs smack into Bacca- all running the length of the long hall for class, who is standing with a few other girls for her turn, to run next.

I know in the library, the class is over in an hour- or so, and I was sitting in the lunchroom in study hall, with nothing- nothing to do, and- asked- more like begging them for something to do, like it is something hard for them to do for us- is make us have work for something more than suck at life, to that is so-o problematic. I do not mind, there is nothing to read in here either that is from this period.

They make us out to be Mongoloid, said, Bacca. Besides, unanimously they all agreed, just like

Haven, they put us in our place for being less than they, in whatever they think they can do over us… and that a-lot of nothing… I have a lot of spam emails, I read when I get all logged-in… to the computer, just sitting there with nothing to do…, but see the little clock at the bottom tick my life away, I do not mind, because it reassures me, that nothing is going on, here and no life ahead, that I am not up to anything, more than giving up, Haven is feeling it too…

-And-

That is good for me- it is good for us even if it is not true, I do not care they sure do not. And I can't be angry with them, yet I must blame someone- no? Because he has good reason to be suspicious. I have given cause in the past and will again, with I get written up for speaking my mind. I am not a model student like them… why I speak my mind. I cannot be, I do not have the ability…

Haven said I agree- no matter how much I love her; it will not be enough either.

(MORNING)

Haven- I thought I would be bouncing off the walls for hours, eating nothing but junk food. last night I slept for five hours, which is longer than, I have done in an exceptionally long time, and the weird thing is, I was so wired feeling, when I got home yesterday evening, I could not sleep like I always do- when I come home and just crash.

I told myself, that I would not do it again, not after last time, but then I saw my girls walking into the room,

and I wanted them to sleep over and help me with my homework, why not?

I do not see why, I should have to restrict myself, lots of people do not. Men do not. I do not want to hurt anybody, but you must be true to yourself- and say where getting A-Fed it is schooling, don't you? That is all I am doing, being true to my real self, the self-nobody knows but Scott and my girls, not John, Tom, Paul, Jack, Dick, Jen, Jan, Pam- no one. Just to run on some names to me and my girls that do not matter.

Haven- last night I asked Sarah if she wanted to go to the cinema with me one-night next week, then if she would cover for me. ‘If she calls, back she and I were not agreeing completely on the movie or just things… you can just say- were ended it, and are doing the makeup- you with sex… I am with you, she said in a text- I will go it is not like I have something better to do in this hell of a town, I knew I was looking, and I will ring her straight back, by being way too sweet?

Then you call me, and I call my girls and we will all go, and it's all cool.' Not all friends here… yet whatever… it is something to do… or just get high… that is all there is to do for some of us, not me and my girls, yet.

She smiled, shrugged, and said- this movie is fine, 'All right.' She did not even ask where I was going or who with, later… I was hoping to stay over at someone's home, though Haven, she wants to be my girlfriend, I

just know it, she loves me, she will keep me.

We must be careful, we cannot get caught, by mom and dad- at her home, but by the end of the night, we were coming in hot. It would be bad for her, life-wrecking, hard. It would be a disaster for me, her, and them too. I do not even want to think about what Scott would do if he knew that we all did what we did over a sleepover, everybody's fantasy dream, yet no boy needs to know everything girls do. It was fun. I do not feel bad about lying

with her and them, I doubt he believed most of it anyway, even if. I am sure he lies about what he does with boys, too.

~*~

Emaly and Scott- He is lying on the bed, watching me as I got dressed, as I put in my butt plug with the white tell, that night later afterward. He said, ‘This can’t happen again if you want it. You know it cannot, with all this and doing that. We can’t keep doing this, I going to have your baby…’ And he was right, I know we cannot, keep just pulling out. We should not, we ought

not to, but we will- for it feels good. It will not be the last time. He will not say no to me when I dry humping on him sliding all flirty. I was thinking about it on the way home, that I may need to see the doc and see… if… and that is the thing I like most about it, I feel scandalous- doing this behind mom and dad’s back, and sneaking around, having power over someone, like a boy is the sweetest thing ever. That is the intoxicating thing, about boys and nasty little quicky F-me sex.

Part: 51

(EVENING)

I said to him- Just shut up…

Stop being a Jill Duggar and F-me!

And take me…

Take it… he said… and I do over and over…

Uhm… I said…

Taken it like a girl… she said, squalling…

With her- Uomo- yah…

Like a girl… she yelled…

getting bounced…

Emaly- If you do not have any cold sores, and anything wrong with you- spitting or liking your fingers makes just a fine cheap lube, so use it, girls… I do with masturbating and on my boy when rubbing him off and blowing. I love tugging on that hard dick and having it in my mouth… and feeling it lip inside me oh so thigh wet and squishier. OH, my GOD! And I back out in the cummie moment with him… 6 bangs inside me down there just went

off- him too… my but has his imprints still…

We girl- the triplets all of us have used- Electronic toothbrush on our clits to get off… I remember the first time, around 11… with my girls we shared every moment, I miss her… and I said this was the best part of my day after school, unanimously- we did. A Handle of a screwdriver is what we all use when we started, could not say to mom we wanted yah-no that, things- you know things for this… embarrassing- and like we had the

money anyway, so that was safe for us all to use… to get the edge off… this was a year or so after the sharpie, and we were not so tight, this was the next one up, and oh God the faces we made.

I cannot walk even yet now I am down in the kitchen, opening a bottle of wine for us that is mom, yet she has more than 10 a day so-0 like she knows when Scott comes up behind me and puts his hands on my shoulders and squeezes and says, ‘How did it go with the therapist, with Haven good?’ I tell him it was fine, that she is making

progress, they feel. He is used to knowing and-a getting all details out of me, after sex, when I most in-love with him and my voices in the week for the loving. Then: ‘Did you have fun with the girls last night?’ Oh yes- if you only know, and she rolls her eye in the way that only she can…

I cannot tell, because my backs to him, but the thoughts going through my mind were so wicked, whether he is asking or whether he suspects something, I could see the thought behind them blue eyes. I cannot detect

anything in his voice, it all in is lost in the sea that is the dreamy eyes.

(Next day at lockers)

‘Come on, Bacca,’ another boy says, giving her a big shove in his direction. ‘Go give him a kiss!’

Scott does the same with John, saying we know- what you like… you like boys like this what-so-ever… hart throbbing C0CK.

‘Yeah! We support gay rights!’ shouts Bacca- teasing.’

Bacca laughs good-naturedly. But as he walks toward Bealla and away from his friends, his smile slips into a look of concern. He leads her into a stairwell. ‘Are you okay, and they make out?’ He asks, careful to keep his voice quiet, they whisper and kiss and grab.

I had last night a- she-boy, and did not know said, Pat… ‘Not bad, considering the sex change operation, said one boy Haven liked and she was off in the hallway looking at him- hearing it all… …Anyways- she was not

sure, if it were mean or not though, you could see it all over her face…' Balla says, a desperate joke to break the tension, her dick is bigger still. Neither of them laughs at it. She holds up the copies of the list she is torn down, saying you going to kill this one too. 'What is this thing, she has about me being hotter than her?'

'It's a stupid tradition, this girl makes. It happens every year at the start of winter snowball week, the girls have daggers out- and go for blood, and they do not stop, 'till.' She stares at

her- looking her down. ‘Why didn’t you warn me, about this so I could just go?’

Bacca runs his hands through Scott’s hair. It is still light from the summer sun, but his roots are growing darker.

‘Do you know who wrote it, yes her and she points- and Bacca runs scramming into a room full of kids in class…’

Balla does not have a ton of friends and is unanimously obvious to us girl… but she does not have any rivals, they know not to mess with her

dress- if you will… either. For the life of her, she cannot think of one person who would hate her enough to do something mean to her or they would suck her with no teeth.

Bealla glances at the copies of the list in her hands and quickly shakes his head. ‘No, I don’t. And look, Bacca - you cannot go running around tearing these things down. These lists are everywhere. The whole school knows about it. There’s nothing you can do.’

Balla remembers the boy whom, slapped her back in the

cafeteria, and she put him in the ER over it by her boyfriend at the time freaking the shit out of him, the heat from his hand on her spine, was going up to her now.

She does not want to do the wrong thing, yet it like she cannot help the fact she cannot.

She does not want to embarrass herself anymore, over this but it is too much fun getting to her… then what is already happening. ‘I’m sorry,’ she says, because that is how she feels, and the girls hug it out.

For many reasons, their friends yet not… ‘Tell me what to do, Haven… she said walking down the hall after the fact.’ Bacca rubs her arm, ‘individuals will want to see you looking upset, so don’t be… or she is getting her jollies out of it… They will want to see you react, so do not anymore… blink… blink… and walk away… Everyone still talks about this girl Jen and how she freaked when she got put on the list her seventh. Trust me, doing the wrong thing now could ruin the rest of high school for you, I would know- my life is over next year- I so- going to be Af’d in

the ass by all of them and them.' Balla's chest gets tight. 'This is crazy, Bacca. I mean, this is crazy, drop her, and get over it- she's not your friend.'

'It's a big mind game, that all-girl, don't do it… don't…: If you pretend like the teasing doesn't bother you, it will eventually stop. So, do not give anyone the satisfaction of seeing you upset. You need to be stone cold.' He anchors his eyes on hers. 'Game- Face- Okay?'

She bites her lip and nods, fighting back tears, and I have my arm

around her, going down the hall. She knows Bacca can see them, but thankfully she pretends not to and is held back by her new boyfriend one of like ten this week. She has her ‘Game Face’ on, too.

Bacca- takes a second to compose herself, and follows Balla out of the stairwell, though a few steps behind.

Balla stands in the middle of the hallway looking around in a panic. ‘Hurry up, Haven, she stops to talk with Emaly. She spots Balla and rushes over,

and Haven spits in her face, just what her mom and the school was waiting for…, her to miss up, over someone else…, I grabbed her in this hall, and say run, and in the science wing, we went. Let us go check near the gym…, a teacher said.'

She gives a huge whisper giving a hug also, ''Don't worry.' I swear on my life that we're going to keep you safe, even if… and make sure they get what they deserve, also- thank you- Haven for standing up for me- her

elbow went into hip- saying: ‘you would do it for me.’’

‘Forget it, Balla,’ she says, ‘where over forever- and ever- never- ask me for SHIT.’ She drops the copies she is holding into a trash can they went- the teachers see that she was not the blame like always, she charmed, where not, I get an hour after and so does she… and another point of her 21- she only has 1 more to go, and they- this school, a trusted name in education (make a go0-ff-ie face) well send her off

to re-tard la- la land, for not holding her emotions.

‘What? What do you mean?’ Balla turns around to glance at Bacca, who has rejoined her friends. ‘What did Bacca say, she said F-U.’

‘Don’t worry, she’ll butt kiss she has always for you… Her boyfriend all ways say all the right things- all at the right times.’

Which is how Bealla feels, without question, with him and the feeling he gives to her.

Part: 52

‘Girls have to teach boys EVERYTHING! Even when it comes to cums! They are so cute, so cute, not know what to do, it is so cute… so… ah… I have been edging myself all day for him too, just to have the oh over- and over- and over- and over… I want that little boy to kiss me all over.’

Part: 53

(The next day at school)

‘What the hell?’

Though it is posed as a question, the three words are not delivered like one, with the last syllable ticking up to a higher, uncertain pitch. And yet she is confused by the copy of the list taped to her locker door, it has changed it all new now.

She drags a raspberry color fingernail down the list, linking the word ugliest and her name with an invisible, impossible line. She frees a strand of brown hair stuck in her thick coat of shimmery lip gloss, then leans forward for a closer examination.

Her lady's bonces up behind her, wanting to see, why there is a new list of girls, along with wondering who made it? 'She's nice,' I say. 'You and she'd get on. We are going to the cinema next week. Maybe I should bring her around for something to eat after?'

'Am I not invited to the cinema, with you girl?' he asks, Bacca said it is a girl's night only, and chick flicks- you would not like them.

'You're very welcome, to see- Haven!' I say, and I turn to him and

kiss him on the lips, ‘but she wants to see that thing with us, so… why not?’

‘Say no more! He says, his hands pressing gently on my lower back, and there on her small tight butt, oh so softly, and sweet, like a boy in love would do with his new girlfriend, after 4 weeks of firm dating, I drive you all. We sit side by side on the edge of the patio, our toes in the lawn, slipped out of our sneakers.

‘They always go for you, the lonely ones, don’t they? They make a bee-line straight for you, Bacca said to

Emaly.' 'Do they? …, said Haven… yet…, there so cute together look at them- all hugging and kissing, PDA'n.'

'At that point, I had already been unmasked as a non-responsible, non-tidy, non-courteous person, so what did I have to lose?'

…And if I speak my mind…

-And-

…THE CRAZY WANTS OUT…

All come to school looking for the list today. Emaly was so excited for its arrival, she had barely slept last

night, thinking that someone would have added are late sisters to the list of top girls, but they did not.

‘It’s the new top ten popular, hottest, cutest, priest list of girls!’ one says, tearing up.’

‘Sarah is the prettiest 9th, Haven said!’ …Another cry, get to are grade already, we know.’

‘Yay, for her!’

‘This was supposed to be her year, also yet she had to kill herself.’ Honestly, last year should have been

her year Haven feels the hands pat her back, the hands squeeze her shoulders, saying you have me, I will be there for you… and the said comes rolling in… the hugs, happen. Yet the only ones that care where just the three girls… that where buds.

Haven did not think it was pretty, pretty, one… yet…, there, all the same, she thought, why was she left out- just for being the girl that would not give herself up for any boy that wanted her puss- puss, that makes her

ugly to all the boys and to all the popular girls that do.

Classic slut behavior… for them class virgin for her, and that is how she passes- so what better here? I ask… you tell me… teens, then… mom and dad?

Some would say her head was too big for her body, and her cheekbones were… well, freakish. YET THEY ARE ALL THE SAME… Also, she was the only friend without guy friends always hanging with her, she had no friends at all but us three girls, yet she

was the slow one, so they said. She was too skinny, YET THE SAME, but she keeps her eyes on the list, over and over, and never was good enough… was she?

The list She pinches the corner, annihilation the blistered embossment between her fingertips, leaving an inch of tape and a rip of paper stuck to her locker door.

…And then tears down the list…

‘I hate to break this to you, girls… but apparently, she is still the

ugliest girl at - Rockville- even after death,' Haven announces, like a girl that is losing her mind. And then they all laugh at her for it because it is honestly that ridiculous, to them for her to even care about her and her death that does not matter… to them and their own little lives.

She… and…, her and friends share quick, uneasy glances…!

Haven remains, 'On the plus side,' primarily to fill the uncooperative quiet, 'we know for sure that Bacca did not wright wrote the list this year- no

one is that mean. Mystery solved!’ it was- YOU- and she points to Balla.

Lynetta, uses a seeing-eye dog to lead her through the hallways, yet this girl is more restarted- they say, it does not have to be nice, when someone has killed themselves Haven screams. She was born blind, her eyes milky white and too wet.

What wrong with me saying that- Ya'll? So, it is a joke. Obviously, where so is making a girl feel ugly and making her feel the need to not live as

you did with this one- and you all do not give a rat’s ass- God…!

None of her friends laugh… yet all in the hall, even the teachers looking overdid.

Not until one of the girl’s whispers,

‘Saying really.’

Haven tempers, grumbles, in a hard berth to take in. Who-a is the absolute understatement of the year. She turns the list around and goes over the other names, expecting other

mistakes that might explain what is going on.

Haven- Sarah is the ugliest first-year student, I think not, it stated that though, and we all know that is not so, or she thought, it over me and her, she thought. Haven has a faint memory of who… this girl was and is, that was listed before, but the girl in her mind is forgettable, so she is not sure she is thinking of the right person even.

Everyone in school thinks Amy is gorgeous, so seeing her name as

prettiest senior makes sense, yet Sarrah is just misunderstood.

Haven- And, of course, is the obvious choice for the ugliest 9th grader, for loving me. Honestly, any girl other than Sarrah would have been a total letdown, to all of them that are heartless snapping dogs at your ankles, like just- heaters of her, and I.

Haven does not know either of the first-year girls, which ant a surprise for the reasons, that she is ant the kind-a girl who-a gives-a crap about first-

year girls for they were all asses to her when she was with them in that grade.

There is one other name she does not recognize. Weirdly enough, it is her first-year student equal: ‘Who’s Kassandra Kora?’ The prettiest to her ugliest. Haven flicks the list with her finger, and it makes a snapping sound.

‘She’s that homeschooled girl, that only come in for the band’ one of her friends explains. What a lame-ass…! ‘What homeschooled girl?’ Haven asks, wrinkling her nose.

Another girl nervously, looking over both her shoulders to make sure, that no one else in the hallway is listening at this point, and then whispers, this…

‘Cum bucket…’ ‘you know- um the one with the hair that looks like that, all crunchy.’

Haven’s eyes get big. ‘Crunchy - CUM - BUCKET?’

She had thought up the nickname last week, for her, ‘it’s so-o right-’ ‘fitting, no?’ ‘Um-hum-!’ When everyone was forced to run a mile in

gym class and Crunchy- the cream of some young guy- hair all up in her blond ponytail kept swishing back and forth, all good crunch, like, like, like- a boy jerked it for a week on her face, and it was not washed out of her lashes and or hair, as she trotted along, it is all -ah and crunchy. Haven had made a point of whinnying as she passed her saying it over and over because it was so-o freaking gross to let your hair grow that long, without washing boy off you. These slut like her (and she points) wear *it* well- no- girl?

‘Umm hum,’ and, ‘…I’m trashy…’ she said to run by…

Picking on the weaker, it is what you do to keep up your image with the others… she thought.

Unless, of course, you had layers. Which this girl did not. Her hair was cut straight in a v- and- and- and- having it up like this just made it look, well- well you get it… Haven looked at her all waist scared with cut marks, and said, ‘Yeah what a waste… of those sharp things, I forget- um what where

they called… (one-pointed finger- goes up to her mouth, all acting all clueless.)

‘…Any- who-o-o- I should have cut that Crunchy baby battered thing off instead…’

‘…And- and- Probably with a dull pair of safety scissors…’

…She goes all cross-eyed, and all traded like… saying this along with… ‘Yah and you make fun of me, for being in my classes…’

‘Well lest- I am clean and smarter than you’ll ever be- DON’T FOR-get it!

…And her head nods…

‘Well… She is pretty,’ said a girl passing, one of them- that are there…’ shrugging her shoulders regretfully- to what Haven was saying, and I do not think you have the place to make fun of her for whom you are.

‘No one asked you-’

‘No cars if you alive…’

‘…Run Frost run…’ her girlfriend said.

Someone else nods…

And one farts on it too… a girl lifts her leg letting it hard… no underwire too, and I saw that thing also… with it…?

(Goog-il-e- eyes made)

‘Did that come out of the front or the back…’ Haven yield…

‘She could use a haircut for sure, but yes. She was pretty… all the girl gang up… at the end of the run…’

Haven lets out a pained sigh…

Bacca- ‘I’m not saying Crunch Hair isn’t pretty,’ she moans, though she had never actually considered her looks, to be in this, she covers up, standing next to all of them, just stuck in the middle.

This conversation is not supposed to be about Crunch Hair- yet all the mean and finger-pointing was towards Haven- for doing as they- do to her.

It is supposed to be about her…

‘It doesn’t make any sense, what they were saying about Haven- yet to them it all did, and the run ones were thrashing her; until she ran off- crying- like the- baby boy that she is. Do not forget that; she- scrammed.

She the sisters of, one girl that is up in the high school that picked on her right, yep, Bacca she is making this for herself, I keep saying do not; yet she must- think out- loud.

I’d be picked as the ugliest… if not for her one young lady said, Amy- I would be just that.’

Bacca- Her eyes roll off her friends, and on to other girls, saying: 'Would it kill you to get to know her, and not what is known about her girls- really- your so-o mean- to her…'

…Walking down the sidewalk, back to the school, all downhill- at a like 85-degree angle…

Haven sees them and is standing there in the nude, in the locker room, changing, they look ant point, yet there is nothing different to them, when she looks back, in the span of a few seconds, at least ten other girls

are nude as she stands there looking at them, yet the talk about her is- running on… who, what, and where she should be. Ugly girls who deserve this, this, when they are not girls… WHY are you in here…?

Why?

Bacca- ‘She a girl back the F*CK off…’ and she thought her to the ground by the hair.

And the teacher- well she did not see it…

Balla- said to me, you have no-style…

SWAG-GER-LESS!

‘Well, I did not like the wag- of my swag- so I had it cut off…’

Haven- ‘Facebook sure did evolve, like fashion, and like it- it is seen through, a lot of pussy and dicks showing!’ Facebook is creeping on your book, yet you can NOT get rid of even if someone is stocking, the shit out of you, so if they want you dead, they will keep going and who going to stop it, there are now laws yet. I want that

changed… in my name, or something like that…!

Havens- Law I like that!

‘I mean, come on, you guys. This is total crap, these lists and making others feel bad about being who they are!’ Haven gives her friends another chance to protect her, yet Bacca is not it, though she feels a little pathetic at having to lure them. ‘Pretty girls are not supposed to end up on the ugly side of the list! Like this one, she said but your mouth Haven is making

you look ugly to me also,’ It, like, undermines the whole tradition.’

‘Well, the list doesn’t say that you’re mouth it says you're ugly,’ someone gently offers, given by other girls, looking at Bacca like she was nuts for even talking to her. If you do not stop, you are going to end up with NO friends… see what I am saying.

‘That’s true,’ adds another girl. ‘The ugliest girls are seriously ugly, like you for having to chop things of like a dick... just to feel, this or that- or whatever and whatnot.’

Bacca- She follows me, and I take off my clothes, into the one side of the locker room, we get changed, as the bell rang… I am going up the stairs, saying glad this day is over, and it was off… end of the school day finally, where now home and when we get there, Scott pushes me down on the bed, saying you are the same as your sister, and we trade, so- sh-h-h- but it does not matter because he does not know that I want him so bad, or that where switch places today, at this point to I am that good at playing Emaly.

I am good enough to make him believe it also and a girl needs to have a boy now and then, I want him more than ever after a long grueling day that I had and Bacca was cool with it, overall, of the BS, I took as her today about a girl, that she is not even in love with any longer. I am not even thinking about him… as I love him, I just want him in me…!

And just as I thought, there pushing Bacca down to Haven's level over her standing up for her, and I do not like it; so, will two girls, that care

for her, yet it is getting old, well tradeoff, every other week or so-o; just to keep her safe, and us two from losing it- over it because of well all of it.

(HAVEN)

(MORNING)

Haven called me back just as I was leaving the house this morning and gave me a stiff little hug.

She could not meet my eye.

I felt sorry for her, I honestly, I did, though not as sorry as I felt for myself.

Haven- I thought she was going to tell me, that she was not kicking me out after all this crap this week, but instead she slipped a typewritten note into my hand, saying here are some ground rolls, by the girls and their mom, if you plan to keep being with us and our friends, you need to do da- da- da- giving me formal notice of my eviction, if I do not and to- can it- my mouth that is, and just be- me. The girl that we fall for from the first day, of 8th grade.

Bacca- She gave me a sad smile and said, ‘I hate to do this to you, Haven, I honestly do, you’re doing it to me- and you don’t want to know what I have been doing to get this all out of me- girl you need to stop before they send you to tard school- or out, you don’t have any more F- ups, or points to take, your garden is saying she had it, yet it's not you, it's them, the school they don’t see it that way.’

The whole thing felt very awkward, reading the run on’s of whatever’s. We were standing in the

hallway, of her home, which, despite my best efforts with the bleach, still smelled a bit of sick.

From where the dead girl was laying. I felt like crying, but I did not want to make her feel worse than she already did, over something, that was as pointless as I, so I just smiled merrily and said, ‘Not at all, it’s honestly no problem, I can do this, so you really can read it?’

‘Yes-’ as though she had just asked me to do her a small favor, to

find out, that too… not to be true. The list just says you're ugly on the inside.'

It is not the rousing defense- Haven is hoping for, for us girls, but now- she just needs, to hear it from us in a new way. (It was more of a test, by our mother more than anything, the teachers say she cannot even read, yes, she can…) That was one point of this… the other, scaring her, to think before saying whatever is on her mind, to others that will screw with it.

But as the words sink in, she gets it also, that if she keeps going, she

will not be seeing us ever… Haven nods slowly and lets a new feeling bloom inside her.

Her friends do not believe that, or they would not be friends with her! So, what if people think she is ugly on the inside, too, they can see that we can. And pretty on the outside is what counts, to all of them up there- nothing more. F- that… Pretty on the outside is what everyone sees, where not like that are, we girls?

‘No- forever- and ever-’

All the girls- ‘Always!’

~*~

Haven had announced this as the plan for the morning. pep rally happens on Saturday, before the winter-snow- ball football game. It is an impromptu parade where the students at - Rockville drive around town with their cars decorated, beeping their horns, and getting people excited for the game.

Haven has everything planned in her notebook, how it should be decorated (streamers, tin cans, soap on the windshield,) and what the girls

should wear (short shorts, knee- socks, and - Rockville sweat-shirts- so on.)

Still, Haven stares at her friend's slack jawed. 'I can't say, I'm in a very school spirited mood at the instant.' The fact that they did not notice this annoys her, yet she is all for the game tonight and the dance.

One girl shrugs her shoulders, hard like. 'But we only have until Saturday to figure things out, before the next big dace of the session.'

One more adds, 'We can't leave it until the last minute. We need to

produce a concept. We are 8th graders now. We can't just, like, throw something together.'

Seriously…?

A concept…?

Haven rolls her eyes, at that too.

It is the strangest feeling to have, even stranger than being called the: Ugliest.

Nevertheless, then again, it ensues here is to her, as her friends nod along with each other, that they

are going to talk and talk about the pep rally with or without her.

Ten girls are standing at her locker. ‘Maybe like six or seven, if you squash.’ She quickly changes her approach and rips her page of ideas out of her notebook.

She quickly does a headcount.

‘Fine,’ she says, handing it off.

‘Here’s what I’m doing. Figure out who’s riding with me because my mom’s convertible can only fit five of us.’

Haven opens her locker door, and stares through the metal slats as her friends walk toward homeroom without her, they seem to be giving her the cold shoulder over what she said about- crunchy hair.

Something about her face seems off, imbalanced. It takes her a few seconds of close examination of her face to realize, what elapsed her mind was to put eyeliner on her left eye. Her eyes move to the magnetic mirror hanging inside the door, saying I

become a sloppy girl, like an active child… oh no!

Tom Girl!

…?…

Why didn’t any of her girls tell her that?

After digging in her makeup bag, Haven inches closer until the tip of her nose nearly grazes the mirror.

She gently pulls the corner of her left eye toward, her ear and traces a creamy band of coffee pencil, one of the samples her mother gave her,

across the lid. Then she lets go, her skin snapping partly back into place, and blinks a few times.

Blink- Blink…

Haven’s eyes are her best feature.

Individuals, for the last 6 weeks (about 1 and a half months) ‘till now, over the older girls, like always commented on them, and even though Haven finds that predictability annoying, she of course still relishes the attention.

How a girl, that was falling to you, would suddenly look up from the register and say, ‘Wow, your eyes are incredible!’

They are the lightest blue, thanks to contacts, like three drops of food coloring in a gallon of ice-cold water, dissolving. Otherwise, better yet, a boy would say. Her eyes get more attention than her boobs, and that is seriously saying something, for there so right there wrong to all the other girls in the grade. She is a true C cup

without any of that ridiculous padding, which is false advertising.

An insignificant, slight, and dominative um- sagacity of relief washes over her. List or no list will take me down I am still the prettiest. She knows it, too- after being made to be. Everyone knows it also.

And that is all that matters, is being perfect... inside and out, not for her anymore but for them.

Part: 54

Haven and her mother agree the sedan still smells like Bacca dead grandfather, they bought the car off him before he passed, a musty blend of pipe smoke, old newspapers, and drugstore aftershave, of Stetson men's cologne, so they drive to - Rockville High School with the windows open, now that her mom has a real car that like runs, and drive without part falling off. Haven splays her arms across the window frame, resting her chin where her hands overlap, and lets the fresh air rouse her, even if is like 32 degrees' outside, yet that is over the fact that

the car was hit, and the frame is bent and the window cannot go up the whole way, yet it was a $1,000- dollar car, and her mom is making payments on that…

Mondays are always the most tired mornings, always, you just do not want to get out of bed, because Sundays are always the worst nights, cramming homework and boys and drama, and girl stuff going out till wee hours in the morning.

The anxiety of the coming week speeds through Haven all the up and in- up and in- when she wants to be slowed

down, she should speed up. She feels every lump in the old mattress, hears every creak and sigh of her new old house, yet she loves this home, its smalls, and noses, she just feels at home, taking Melody's place in the room.

Today the freaking car would not start, so-o before it got too late it was off to see if we could hop on the train. On the train, the tears come, and I do not care if people are watching me; for all they know, my dog might have been run over, they would not a car,

and all over them and the look's they give with their hate. I might have been diagnosed with a terminal illness, and could die in an hour or so, and they would be like F-yah did with the b*tch forever. I might be a barren, divorced, soon to-be-homeless alcoholic, like them, no compassion.

It is ludicrous when I think about it. How did I find myself here, doing this? I wonder where it started, my homework thinks, even if it is good, they are not going to say it is; I wonder at what point, I could have halted it.

Where did I take the wrong turn, also think, out a load? Not when I met Haven, who saved me from grief after my sisters died. Not when where all, carefree, drenched in bliss, on an oddly wintry day a year ago, I was content, in the black, abundant.

I have the reminisces and of those first days so-o undoubtedly, walking around, shoeless, feeling the warmth of wooden floorboards underfoot, relishing the space, the emptiness of all those rooms waiting to be filled, with them it was, just like me.

Haven- It was then… that was the moment when things started to go wrong, maybe… maybe… the moment when I imagined us no longer a couple, but a family; and took her place, and was there for, like she was for me. Rolls changed, I thought, up till now, I was still crushing on her, yet Bacca was with Scott and Scott was crushing on Emaly, they think I do not know I play, the game, yet I get it.

…And…and… of that, once, I had that picture in my head, just the two of us could never be enough, yet

think back to the first day it was- it was, ha-um-mm.

Was it then, that Bacca started to look at me differently, her dissatisfaction mirroring my own? What she gave up for me, for the two of us to be together, I let him think that he was not enough, I remember when I was just three weeks into this new life and nothing is comfortable, but her and the girls. Which is exactly what she had expected.

The girl's room is nice but old, the slender wood slats on the floor with

a loose nail where the wood floor met the wall, squeaks, its cloudy diamanté blinking in the moonlight.

The first pic of all of them, ever taken, she found it last night, after the first hour of tossing and turning in the same bedroom, that Melody slept in, the same bed, where her they slept in together when she was sleeping over- the same.

Haven crept across the hall in her pajamas, that being a nightie that is seen through, and short, with nothing under it. Bacca and Emaly mother is

reading the obituaries over and over, of her little girl, died, losing it, slowly, the light cast a warm white glow out the seam of the open door.

Neither of them had been sleeping very well since, all that jazz.

That is when Bacca looks at her phone, out of boredom, and it is buzzing like crazy and goes through all the boy's text/ vid. messages, and emails, there are 6 photos of nude boys that were sent to her some she doesn't even know, and 3 jerk-off videos, one being Scott like it is a cute boy, really

do I need to see that many at once? Yet, I have to same um- you know- it is a girl thing, I know what I am, masturbating to tonight, umm- I love this boy and his hard cock! (That was thought with an upward eye moment.)

Getting up to pee in the night, the girls all out Bacca snoring hard, like only she can, darling to on her My Pillow, and hugging it like a boy, she mostly uncovers showing her little lady down there, yet that is how she sleeps, the only way it comparable.

Haven cracked it wider with her foot. Pairs of stingy panties hung on the coils of the wrought-iron bed frame to dry after having them washed in the sink.

They reminded Haven of the snake skins shed in the warm dunes behind their old apartment out west. Their old life.

Her mom looked up from the thick manual of tax laws, saying things have changed with our dependences, her dad still a zombie over his little girl, his favorite girl passing, the one he was

the shyest and his princes, all those years, she was the clingy daddy's girl, more than the others, the one that wanted daddy dates only the others that felt too old for it.

Haven weaved through unpacked boxes and hopped onto the bed. She opened her hands like a clamshell.

Her mom grinned and shook her head, looking a bit embarrassed, with Haven there. 'I had begged your grandmother, haven for these… to buy me this when I started high school, and

that would be the right to keep you with us.’

Haven- ‘You would do that for me?’

The girl’s mom- ‘You hear all the time anyway.’

I know their dad's thought rolling around in he had if it would not be for you, I would have my girl. And… and yet hers was you save me, after what was going to happen anyway.

Back to be, she is thrilled, she looks over and sitting on the stand is

her toy, she pinched the barrette between her fingers, for the flicker, examining the fossil of her youth, and puts them in and goes to oh-ville.

The corners of her mouth pulled until her smile stretched tight and thin, turning it into something entirely different.

With a sigh, she said: okay.

‘Yes, don’t worry about it all taking care of…’

‘I don’t know if you’ve ever had this feeling, Haven thought- only doing

this has given me that feeling, I have a family now, but sometimes- I think too much, when you get something new, that the feeling I have now, you trick yourself into believing, it will last for more than your given time, it has the power to change absolutely everything about yourself, just like a 36 scorned cum, 10 times over, that how to get the girls to adopt me felt.' They did not know… and I was not going to wake them to say… it was going to be the first thing said by their mom, before school… I wondered if they would be happy or not.

‘That was quite a lot to ask of old tv batteries, don’t you think?’

Umm- ah-hah- she let it all out, saying: thank you- to God, in many ways, even that relationship was getting better, to which is why all the others were turning on her too, the stronger the faith, the more you look odd to the ones, that do not understand.

(Back)

She said this while threaded a hair clip it into Haven’s hair, securing a sweep over her daughter’s ear, and

pulled the quilt back so Haven could lie beside her.

Haven had not experienced the feeling her mother had described when she thought about love, but this was the love she was feeling for her and the girls, not that love, but feeling safe, and happy was this love… but one much more unnerving. And not that like lust love ether- like when I see Bacca, who sat one desk away in her English class, and I look her up and down.

On her very first day at - Rockville High, Haven had noticed that

Bacca smelled amazing to her, a small of a girl can drive you nuts, even if that coming from down under, I got the hint of that, and she was- exactly right. And now all I need to do is get a whiff of her and she makes me melt.

Every girl is beautiful in their way. To judge another for physical flaws is wrong, learn to love, not hate, this on and everything she has was right for me. That is the only way that true world peace will ever come to be.

She asked me what a vagina feels like on the inside to her and I said:

it is- ‘wet, slippery, ribbed, soft and very warm.’

If you run your tongue over the top front of your mouth, that is what the ribbed- feeling is like in a vagina- inside a pocket puss- puss, only it is fleshier and softer than you are the top of your mouth, at on the same lines.

This is when I asked her to do it to me and it was young lusting love… for that sleepover on… I remember.

The outside is smooth (if shaved lol,) soft like your lips or cheek. It feels like a soft penis and recall those

days too. If it is not shaved, it is still soft like your lips or cheek, but not smooth because of the coarse pubic hair. When it is wet, it is slippery and incredibly soft.

I first categorized it, as that when she was turn on to me, when I got her naked for the first time and licked it, I was hooked, the small and test was everything I ever wanted.

It and she feel like a warm wet tight opening of flesh in which she squeezes and throbs her insides. very pleasurable for both indeed. it is like

wet hot tight pink slipper flesh that stimulates the sensitivity of the penis, especially the head. you will be stimulated by the warmth of her hole as well as the slipperiness and sensations of her walls and ribbed, then if she is tight, it is a bonus of hot ribbed wet pussy friction that makes me nut every time, nothing is like a wet hot pussy because it is so warm and inviting…

That Haven now knew what she smelled like- she could sense her coming down the hall, long for a hug even, those starting day, of the 8th-

grade year, summarized how much her life had changed, whether she had wanted it to or not.

She swallowed this secret, everything she sees her with a boy that she wants more, that she deeply loves her to death, along with so many others- about her- and she because knowing, it could never- ever be right- when she is so-o wrong- Mom new- yet she could never confirm that things in her new school whereas bad as she had been told, yet she got it.

If not worse… she got it yet, unlike all the other moms she had a spot for Haven and a heart.

A while later, after ma- were just going to call her that, the girl's mother and now like mine, had finished studying, with me and Emaly and Bacca, and turned off the light, Haven stared into the shadowiness of the dim and held on to her ma's words.

Despite all these changes, she would stay the same girl. Or even go back to the girl, that Bacca falls for too, and deep down that was what ma

wanted too, before falling asleep, she touched the barrette, in her hair saying, this was Melody’s- she loves this, clip, wearing it every day, you always keep this on you, she will keep you safe- Haven.

Haven reaches for the barrette, o'er as the sedan slips into a free space along the curb.

‘How do I look? And she curtsy’s- Like’ Ma turns around, asking if she can start working to help out, Haven said- ‘No one’s going to want to hire me. They’re going to want some

beautiful young thing, that is not me, that is just so wrong.'

'Remember the things we talked about, Ma. Focus on your experience, not the fact that you haven't worked in a while, if they see the real you- they get over there- whatever, the hell is wrong with them.'

They had done a mock interview last night after Haven's homework had been finished and checked, yet but they just said to leave no want you here, you suck at life, die… She had never seen her ma so unsure

of herself, so unhappy. Well, who the F- are they to say that to you? I will take care of it, as the pre-school, teacher, for the young kids, at Catholic- school, she does not want this, for her job, yet she loves me more than that… She wants to still be Haven's teacher, secret just to make a point to the school she goes to.

Ma- It makes Haven depressed, their situation. Things had not been good the last year out west, and it is not her it is them. '…She is not the bad girl here…'

The money left by Haven’s real-mother it was running out; Haven had not even known her mother had stopped paying support on their apartment. Her grandfather dying and leaving them the house was a blessing in disguise, also like the car, yet he even said you never worked for, yet you are getting for nothing… to her, I busted nuts getting here and your kid just takes and do jack shit, and her and throw the paperwork, saying take my empire of dirt… take it.

Part: 55

Sarah- When the train stops at the signal, I see her looking at me, I look up and see Lucie standing on the terrace, looking down at the track.

I feel as though she is looking right at me, and I get the oddest sensation-I feel as though she is looked at me like, that before; I feel as though she has seen me, yet I do not remember.

I imagine her smiling at me- before, yet, I do not remember, and for some reason, I feel afraid- and I do not remember that either, of why- I do.

She turns away and the train moves on, wheels slipping.

(EVENING)

‘OK-ay,’ She smiles at me then and steps back again, crouching down a little so-o, that our eyes are level. ‘Are you all right…’

He consults his notes. ‘Haven?’ ‘Yes…’

That girl from the past keeps looks at me for a long time, like she is trying to tell me something, or she is

me; she does not believe me when I say I do not remember.

She is concerned, with me, yet she not real, I keep thinking, yet I do not recollect that either.

She thinks I am a battered significant other- like my girlfriend or boyfriend at the time? Or else something like that, or that I am running down the tracks to end it all, and even that I do not get why- why…?... I ever her, stand on these tracks at this point.

‘Right…?... I am going to clean you up a little get in the Rockville River, next to the viaduct, since you look- a bit nasty, do not worry about a thing said- the girl, like she was my girlfriend, from another time.

‘I’m okay,’ I tell her.’

…And the sunsets…

Part: 56

‘Haven, promise me you’ll talk to your

English teacher about the reading list, God this is Pre-k work-

girl… (I know yet that is all they say: I can handle it…,) ‘Well, what the F- is there to handle with this…?’

I hate the idea of you sitting in her class for the entire year, bored to freak’n tears with books we have already read and deliberated, all last year- and we do not even have to read it the teacher- is spitting that out for us. If you are afraid to do it, or as they say not able too, they do it for you, like wiping your ass…, and buttoning your pants- you get it… no?

Haven shakes her head, at the level of dumb, that they subject her too. ‘I’ll do it.

Today. I promise.’ Ma- pats Haven’s leg. ‘We’re doing okay, right, when she shows her the work, she asked her to do- at eight grade?’

Haven does not think about her answer, she was working hard at getting her schooling, even if they say not, she knows she was higher than they say, she just says, ‘Yeah… we are, doing what they say for us to do, or we get expelled, there is no arguing.’

‘See you at three o’clock, that would be when this hand is there- and there, she said to Haven- okay- she rolled her eyes.

‘It’ll go fast.’’

Haven leans across the seat and gives her Ma a tight hug.

‘I love you, Mommy. Good luck.’

Haven walks into school, barely a force against the tide of students flowing from the opposite direction. Her homeroom is empty, not for long

the haters will soon be in there making their mouth run like runny pop, out of a tight butt hole.

The fluorescent lights are still off from the weekend when she walks in, they come on automatically, and the legs of the upturned classroom chairs spike four-pointed stars, encircling her like oversized barbed wire. She turns one over and takes a seat, chewing her pencil.

It is lonely at school, even when the room is packed full of those and themes.

Sure, a couple of people have talked to her, in the halls but it was all in ways that you or she would not find cute.

Boys, mostly, after daring each other to ask her stupid questions about homeschooling, like if she belonged to a religious cult, or it was to keep her here and not go to the Lonnie-ben. She anticipated as much, her male cousins were just as silly, awkward, and annoying.

The girls were only slightly better. A few smiled at Haven, or

obtainable tiny bits of graciousness, like pointing out where to put her murky cafeteria tray after lunch.

Nevertheless, and then again, no one extended herself in a way that felt like the start of something. No one seemed attracted, interested, and involved in getting to know her beyond confirming, that she was that weird-tard-ed homeschooled girl, that was here- well for them because.

It should not have surprised her. It is what she was told to expect,

and you just drift off into, your word for its less painful.

Haven lets her chin rest against Bacca's chest, even if they were looking, she needed her. She pretends to read the notebook, lying open on the small patch of desk committed to her seat.

Though, she inconspicuously watches the girls filter into the room, and take chairs beside her. The girls are frantic, whispering like crazy.

Muggy giggles and laughs are all she sees and hears. Wholly,

consumed with whatever they are gossiping about, she knows it all about her, and her neck, and body and whatnot... even if... unanimously said by the girls it was perfect. Until one notices Haven watching them, back- and she said skank what are you looking at?

Nothing when looking at you- BITCH. '...and- and- and... like... ah- U's a wonder why no-one likes you!' Haven lowers her eyes, saying and I tard-ed. But she is not fast enough, to not have the look back.

Part: 57

‘Re-tard, baby boy dick sucker… that is a baby boy too…’

Haven lifts her head.

‘Excuse me?’

‘Oh, my god, Haven!

Bacca made her eat her teeth…

And they both were thrown out… and thanks to Ma, she was spared, and the girl, saying shit, got nothing, not even a reprimand. Um- it

was more of that and- or, of what do you do to piss her off.

Emaly- ‘You are so lucky; they did not put you out!’

Bacca- ‘Do you even know how lucky you are?’

The girl puts on a big smile, the next time saying, thanks to you I have these now, and just like your tits there fake and now perfect. And she runs on tiptoes over to Haven’s desk, doing acting all gay- like.

The girl ritually places a piece of paper on top of Haven's open notebook. 'It's a - Rockville tradition. They picked you as the prettiest girl in our grade.' The girl talks unhurriedly, as if Haven spoke another language, or had a learning disability, yet that what is known about her not what she has.

Haven reads the paper, even if they are making fun of her doing so-o. She sees her name, there. But she is still completely confused.

A different girl pats her on the back, saying you have made it again.

‘Try to look a little happier, Haven,’ Emaly said, she whispers sweetly, in the same way, one might discreetly indicate an open zipper, that Haven Had, oh yah- get that closed, too ‘Otherwise people will think something’s wrong with you, down there that you need to let all hang- out- or breath.’ This scrappy little nobody line surprises Haven most of all because it completely contradicts what she is already assumed.

‘Why is after I cum I cry? Asked Emaly.’

‘What?’

Haven’s eyes got big…

Part: 58

Sarah- the plan is to break it to him fast, yet she cannot remember the boy’s name she was dating or was it a girl, yah a girl I was dating, right, as she runs towards the oncoming train, hoping for the death of her life, to get a new one, where she can remember again.

And then the lights flash, and she is home, sitting on her bench,

nibbling the edges of a strawberry Pop-Tart. Wh-a-at, the tangy smell of smoke on her fingers sours the sweet, yet was she there, she must have been.

Bacca- at school, in class, she forces down at Scott's, well you know, her favorite part of this cute boy, because all this sugar is not helping, her thoughts, she lost in him and the daydream.

Sarah- looking out the window, in the summer- Let the squirrels eat some of it, she said to her mom rocking. …And like someone, that has

lost their mind; she needs to calm the hell down, said her mom, to her dad, yes, but it is in her mind, it is slipping more, now than ever. She moves a tangle of tarnished necklaces off her chest and feels for her heart, saying I must find her and get her back- I- I -I... (Crazy whispering)

So, there is no scene, for her to get off.

Forget dressing it up, explaining things.

That is only going to make it worse.

She will just say something like, I am done, girls. Our friendship, or whatever the hell you want to call it now, is over, said Balla, with all the girls- that Haven is to off her. So, go ahead and do what you want. Live your life! Become the best bros with the captain of the football team. Feel up the head cheerleader, even though everyone knows Margo Gable stuffs. I am not going to judge you.

Scott- I took a girl's virginity today, and she was not you- she- was your sister… I cool with it, said Bacca if

you love me more, so do you want to start making love altogether? Did he ask…? Um- I do not see why not, and she seemed grossed out yet loved him, for loving her. Two girls that look and feel just the same, I love you, girls, he said. The sex was awesome, me on top, her and then she… everything a day has ever wanted in his dreams said, Scott.

Every guy is a walking STD it is just what… said Bacca, I am sick of this you do not need a glove every freaking time, if you are in-loved one, and safe,

girls remember- if you are willing to spread for the love you should be willing to spread for his baby, think about that one.

Emaly- My heart, thinking about that boy, it flutters like a hummingbird, so fast the individual beats blur together and make a steady, uncomfortable hum.

That last part will be a lie, for I cannot love him he belongs to her, and I can do that. She will judge me for it too. She will be worried about me, if I do not come home tonight and run off

with him, to find a place, to well… you know.

Haven’s has a number, I was saying we were going to the woods, with Scott, after school, she asked to come, I knew where that would go, so we did, and Scott was just that cool about it, Haven had her first bang as a girl, a moment she will never forget, under the trees in the dart, hard- and pounding, just like us with other boys, John- John, Josh, and Jash, all took their turns in our holes until we- cummed. I have never known how much she like

being on top, until that moment. Us girls like letting the boys do the work.

Haven will not be worried at all-I am not even late home yet-but I am hoping that the news that I have been hit by a taxi might make her take pity on me and forgive me for what happened yesterday. She will think the reason I got knocked down is that I was drunk. I wonder if I can ask the doctor to do a blood test or something so that I can provide her with proof of my sobriety. I smile up at him, but he is not

looking at me, he is making notes. It is a ridiculous idea anyway.

And Bacca and her were making it also, you should have seen. Haven- She rips the cellophane off a new pack of cigarettes, lights up, she is still shaking over it, a leftover of wild carries taste to takes away the smoke, she sips a drink of Emaly's drink.

Remembering last night, when she was hanging half out of his bedroom window, after- the after, she smoked the third-to-last cigarette in her old pack; and told him, thank you; after

his depressing play-by-play of his aunt's final days of lung cancer; she would seriously think about quitting, yet puffing with oxygen, tubes in her nose, I was not sorry to see the old bitch die.

(Eyebrow up by both girls that are the same in all Bacca- and Scott-Recollections of that now makes her laugh, puff out smoke. Both dissipate into the chilly morning air, for each other. Before the school day, one last kiss before hell starts too, hell being the school day.

Haven- Last night, she talked a lot of shit, to the one that gets down on her, to all the girls that wanted to be there with him yet would never- ever.

Girls talking- (He did that?)

Nevertheless, Scott he had been talking shit since the day they met, that was just who he is, yet he was still saying he had the hot girl in school last night to his friend’s, you can be sure of it.

Whatever!

Let him bitch about her smoking, she loves to do like she loves all of him and I mean all, like his uncut winkie. It would be a relief to replace her anxieties with something simple and clear, like more sex, or e-cigs, yet that would not do she said, like being annoyed with him, is what she is like without, it is like a girl, PMS when she can have 5-cigs and 6- Oh's a day.

Sarah- watches two junior girls scurry along the sidewalk, as she is on the tracks, looking for her, to hold her hand and get her through the day.

Sarah knows who they both are, but what she thinks is: All the junior girls at - Rockville girls look the- damn same, many for she cannot evoke- anything any longer.

They remind her of sex-dolls with their mouths hanging open- yet, saying nothing- noting, just there for the feelings, keeping the same stripes so predators cannot tell them apart. Survival of the non-specific. ‘The shoulder- shearling boots, length hair with highlights, the stupid, the little wristlet purses to hold their cell

phones, lip glosses, and lunch money. It’s the - Rockville way!’

The two girls stop in front of her seat and huddle, shoulder to shoulder, each clutching a piece of notebook paper.

The smaller one hangs on her friend and chokes out a sequence of high-pitched giggles. The other simply sucks air in and out, a rapid-fire of hiccupping wheezes, thinking about boys, they have a hand, and these they want, and the one they cannot.

Sarah’s nerves cannot take it, them looking at her in school either, yet walking along the tracks is her escape.

‘Hey!’ she yaps. ‘How about you ladies hold your little powwow someplace else?’

It seems like a fair request, by a teacher, yet I think not. These girls have the entire school to roam uninterrupted. Besides everyone at -Rockville knows that this is her our hang out.

She discovered it in the 7th-grade year. It had always been vacant

because it was situated directly beneath the principal's window. That did not bother her. She wanted to be alone. That is, until Balla came along last spring, and said: 'This is my place, get lost,' like a bully, that she is, and her girls are.

Part: 59

Haven was shy. Cripplingly so. He hated talking in class and broke out in hives whenever his parents argued. It was hard to get him to open, but when she finally did, Melody always felt like she had found a kindred outcast.

She liked begging Haven to torture her with stories of her former was fascinating to her, what going middle school another year was like, the at their hangout is where they wait for each other, to chat about things like this, before, school, and after school each day, where they do their homework and split a pair of earbuds for the right and left sides of an illegally downloaded song. A haven where, like- two kids who once kept to themselves suddenly keep with each other, that where she got her new

name, a safe place just like under the Rockville viaduct, with Sarah.

(Night)

-Sleepover- (plow fight)

Wake- wake- hit- slam… fall onto butt… repeat!

Bacca- ‘If you can't handle me at my idiotic rants, then you don't deserve me at my butt plug insertions.’

Emaly- ‘I have prune fingers after those faps, with you girls.’

Bacca- ‘Cream you slut!’

Emaly- Eye roll, in lightheartedness, giggling like with her, wanting it so badly.

Haven- sh-hh- or ma well hear…

Sh-h-h- U…, ‘YOU'RE A BEARDED TROLL SPERM.’

Emaly- ‘I got a glittery butthole man- with this plugin.’

Bacca- ‘I be obsessed with butts.

I don't know why.’

(Giggles)

I have to pee now- said Emaly- ‘That's what apple juice is. It's just apple pie,’ said Bacca.

‘Damn… My penis just feels bizarre.’

Ha- and one fall of her too- said Bacca pointing at Haven, to Emaly.

Haven- ‘I didn't know if you guys know, but if you fap too long you get cum prunes.’ (o-ha-ha) …all around by the girls…

Bacca- ‘Jesus' titties this shit is ridiculous.’

(I love you, girls) …said around the girls…

‘If you thought I wasn't going to quote while fapping, you were VERY mistaken.’

‘Marry had a little l-am- little l-am… Ha!’

…she sung well-doing…

Haven- ‘Vaginas are just like socks coming together.’

‘WHOA! Sock vagina!’

Emaly- ‘Why can't dudes dicks have an extra part of their balls that go in the butt, like the size of a butt plug?’

(WHAT! ...?...)

Bacca- ‘I just shot cum up Em’s nose.’ Emaly- ‘It's like a lick worth of an orgasm.’

Bacca- I said today to Scott- ‘If I were an asshole, you'd be my butt plug.’ He did not get it.

(Giggles) the boy is so dumb yet cute- yes cute.

Emaly- ‘Oh shit he fell in love. He got vagina dazzled.’

‘I'm not doing teddy bear porn right now…’ she snaps- chatted a photo to Scott.

Fast snap- by- Haven- ‘I just bejeweled my asshole.’ Want a photo of that Scott, all rem-m-ie?

(N-ah- not really)

Bacca- ‘I just lubed my belly button, hearing you too.’

Why did I get this said- Scott- Because I masturbate and master-bait?’

Haven- ‘I just tried to shove a what feels like- um- a- trophy in my asshole.’

Emaly- texted- ‘My pussy is wet like the ocean because all my salt goes to it.’

Emaly- texted- ‘Suck my vaginal dick, Scott’

Emaly- ‘I wish I had a dick, so I could try it now.’

Haven- ‘Um- no you don’t.’

Haven- ‘Don't make me shit in your cat litter, and she always looks at us too like I want to.’

Bacca- On the cell- ‘…I've been practicing my cheek spreads, for you boy.’

Dirty talk… head nod sideways… two times.

(I know right…?)

Emally- in her bed- with nothing but the flicker of the Tv light- light night- ‘Jesus please forgive me for

my dick addiction. I just love giant cocks.’

(Nighty- night- night)

Part: 60

Bacca- say’s all tard-ed- like: ‘now remember Haven, a- the light bulb is not a butt plug…!’

(Index finger up and shaking)

‘Shut up- all you to do is frap and have sex, so in a way that skewering it in too- ha.’

Once, Sarah tried to carve their names on the bench but discovered the wood was that new space-age treated stuff and broke the knife she had nicked from the cafeteria after the third stroke.

So, she makes sure to have a black marker in her book bag to trace a fresh layer of ink over their initials whenever they begin to fade.

Ma- saw me and Scott doing it, and she was cool with it Haven, what gives?

She is a cool mom! And I love her for that!

‘I too said Emaly, cuz- he was taking turned with you and me, and I know she saw looking through the door crack last night, we- he… being me- and him- like- both- snuck over.’

Bacca- I had been in the library on Ridge Road. I had just emailed my mother (I did not tell her anything of significance, it was a test-the-waters email, to gauge how maternal she is feeling towards me now) via my Yahoo account, about being honest about my

body and what comes in and what comes or cums out.

It looked like her, she looked exactly the way she looks in my head, but I doubted myself. Then I read the story and I saw the street name and I knew. There it was the story of Melody, at first, I was not sure, about saying all this yet all the teen girls do, about how three girls were so close in all things, even boobs, boys, the red death at that time of the month, frapping, and schooling, so, and boys love it, like how I lost it… and with, it all on yahoo.

Rockville Police are becoming increasingly concerned for the welfare, of all the other girls- and even the boys' now, in my school, over Haven, being- 'DANGEROUS.' I FIND IT SICK!

Scott Tipwell, on Saturday night when she left the couple's home to visit a friend at around seven o'clock. Her disappearance is 'completely out of character,' Mr. Tipwell said. Mrs. Tipwell, my soon cannot inure mixing with that, she had him busted for busting a nut in Haven. It was quite the scene- outside my home.

Haven was wearing jeans and a red T-shirt, with Scott boy OJ all over it. She is five- foot 1 inch, give or take that inch, slim, with blond, tips, and dark hair and blue eyes, as of today, yet that changes a- lot like all of us girls, from week to week. Anyone with information regarding Mrs. Tipwell, and Haven, stocking, and having sex with boys are requested to contact Rockville Police, she is not even allowed to look at boys- the Police and moms say. Mom and dad are where calling the school saying they want her taken away… Ma- chips in saying- for being a normal teen girl.

Emaly- …Oh, my… (sighing) Bacca, she was mortified.

Part: 61

She is missing her. Melody is missed.

Emaly is missing her so much. Since

Saturday, when she read the story online.

I Googled her-the story appeared, but with no further details, other than what we wanted to be said

as the girls that loved her, and that is how we wanted it.

I thought about seeing all the boys we now like -Scott-this morning, standing on the terrace, hoping to take us to school, like big girls, yet us girls just were standing there looking at one another, thanks to what is said about Haven, she is smiling at me, saying see I take you um- to the bottom. We do not care- (hugs) ...I Emaly- grabbed my bag and ran out for a train passing by to hope, like the old days, into the road, that leads over to the school.

We all knew that Scott would come around, sneaking around, with all of us- he is a boy like when they had ever had control, with anything.

Part: 62

Sometimes, I do not want to go here, thought Haven, along with the girls it was unanimous, I think I will be happy if I never have to set foot inside the schoolhouse again.

Bacca- As I would even miss it. I just want to remain safe and warm in my haven with Scott, undisturbed, and

have said: ‘I want that with you Bacca, you’re the only one I can trust.’

Haven- (I LOVE YOU.)

~*~

Sarah looks up. The four girls are gone. It is like a sucker punch to the gut, she got beat up, by them walking through the High school halls, for being, now slow, the surprise worse than the hurt itself, and no chance to hit back, the girls are making her even more gone.

‘What’s that?’ Haven takes the paper, the new list of girls for the week, and she is down, below the low-life.’

You know, like- I remember the days, like- when I would have thought this was the end of my life, yet I do not even care, I have you girls. That all that matters!

…And unanimously they all agreed…